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Guests We Never Invite Again

By the Brilliant Satirist FISH

Lazy Guests Who Rest and Won't Do Any Gardening and Who Are Even Able to Resist the Mute Appeal of Tools Laid All Round Them

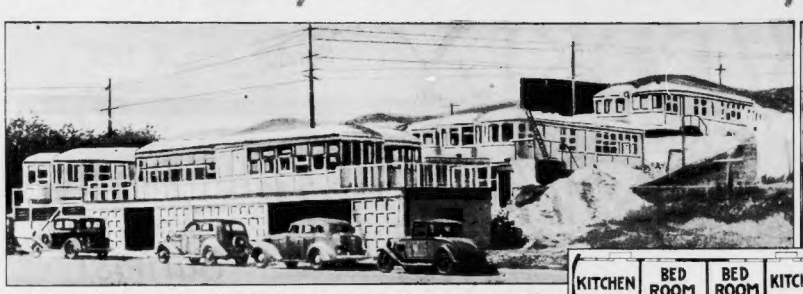
Guest Who Persists in Telling Boring Anecdotes About Himself into the Small Hours of the Morning

Guest Who Is Quite Impossible to Entertain and Yet Won't Go

Engaged Guests Who Fall Out and Quarrel and Feel Much too Badly to Want Any Dinner

Opulent Woman Guest Who Has Mislaid a Valuable Ring and Is Sure Some One Has Taken It

A New Luxury Feature For The Trolley Car Community



The Trolley Cars in Ornamental Surroundings Have Become an Interesting Sight in San Diego. They Have Garages Beneath Them and Differ From Other Such Dwellings Because Each Is Comprised of Two Cars, Side by Side, Made Into One Home.

Diagram Showing the Interior Setup of the Double-Car Bungalow.

These Homes Are Not Quite Completed. This Is One of the Little Passages Which Will Be Made Into Intimate Walks.

SEVERAL American cities have colonies made of street cars which have served their usefulness on the rails. Some of these settlements are ramshackle collections of cars set on posts, on plots of ground that are anything but a delight to the eye. Others are carefully planned communities with the trolleys put in neat rows with narrow streets between. But San Diego seems to have the prize development, on a hillside overlooking its beautiful bay.

Many San Diegoites humorously call the cluster of wornout cars "Toonerville Terrace," but not even the officials charged with the job of keeping the city a pleasant place to live and visit have the slightest objection to this interesting development. They are a little amazed that the long vehicles can be arranged and fixed up to look so attractive, inside and out.

The development was conceived by a contractor named R. P. Ruplinger, who picked up sixteen of the abandoned cars and made up his mind that he would demonstrate, to the satisfaction of renters and for his own legitimate profit, that there are ways of using second-hand trolley cars so that they look as well as homes built in the usual manner.

As the photographs on this page show, the cars are placed on several levels and put together in pairs so that each pair can be remodeled into two more-or-less square apartments, each made up of a living room, bedroom, kitchen and bath. A partition built crosswise across the center of two cars keeps the apartments separate. By this clever trick every pair of cars is converted into two apartments, each about 25 feet by 18 feet, affording some 450 feet of floor space. In every city there are plenty of apartments that are no larger than this.

The end doors of the cars are left as they were, when the rolling stock was carrying passengers through the street. One door is an entrance to the living room and the other is the back door to the kitchen. The rounded end of the car at the kitchen end serves as a cozy dinette. The center doors in each car are closed and covered with sheets of metal.

When the builders went to work on the none too good looking cars they knew exactly what the finished homes were to look like. The walls and ceilings were neatly plastered. The windows were made tight against wind and weather. The outside of each car was attractively painted—the roof with aluminum paint, the sides oyster and cream with apple-green trim. Not even the most sensitive resident of San Diego could find any fault with the appearance of the hillside colony when it was done and ready for occupancy. On the contrary, the owner of the project was warmly complimented for the tasteful manner in which he had arranged the cars and dressed them up. Before the project was finished the sixteen apartments were rented and there was a waiting list.

To save space and make the community modern and efficient a central refrigeration plant was put in. A general laundry room was made out of the solid rock underneath the tiers of cars and there was room enough left to build a twelve-car garage, large enough to take care of the automobiles of most of the residents of the converted trolleys. Nearly all the tenants own cars.

The residents of "Toonerville Terrace" do not feel, as many people who live in wornout trolleys do, that they are camping out. Not only are they the occupants of homes that are comfortable inside and good-looking on the outside, they have one of the best views in the city and are only a short distance from the famous Lindbergh flying field.

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The "skipper" of "Toonerville Terrace," inspired by the success of this project has an option on many other cars which are laid up because they are worn out, or no longer needed since they were replaced by buses, and thinks, eventually, he may remodel as many as 100 of the cars.

Builders in other cities are taking a keen interest in this smart way of finding a profitable use for old trolley cars and may establish similar colonies.

Town's Walking Restaurant

Kent, England, Has Learned Not to Stare When This Young Woman Happens by With the Lunch Counter Hanging on Her Shoulders. She Does a Profitable Quick Lunch Business.

A FAMILIAR sight on the streets of Kent, England, is the resourceful young woman who is doing a profitable business as a walking restaurant. She designed and made the clever circular "counter" which is slung from her shoulders and, on a busy day, has to go back to her kitchen and restock several times.

The tidbits which she offers to the public are not such commonplaces as sandwiches and buns. They are piquant little salads placed in clean, white clamshells. She makes the snacks herself and varies the fare from day to day.

The clamshells cost her almost nothing—she gets a big bagful for about a shilling—and they are tossed away when the quick lunch has been eaten. Thus did she dispose of the dish problem and, at the same time, do something a bit more unusual than using the familiar containers of wood-pulp and paper.

The walking restaurant thoughtfully equipped her circular stand with salt and pepper shakers and bottles of vinegar and oil. This touch added to her popularity, not to mention her profits.

Her "whelks and cockles" at two pence a plate are equivalent in price to four cents of our money.

She has imitators in two nearby communities.

Automobile and Switch Engine, Too

THE plainsmen back in the days of the Old West weren't more surprised at their first look at an "iron horse" than the citizens of Cleveland were, the other day, when they saw a modern switch-engine rolling smoothly through the traffic of the city's business section.

This Vehicle Recently Made Its Debut in Cleveland. It is a Combination Switch Engine and Automobile, Motivated by a Gas Engine, and Equipped to Roll on Roads or Rails. Its Interior Is Roomy and as Neat and Luxurious as a Trailer.

The consternation may not have been quite so great, because people are getting more or less used to the mechanical wonders of the twentieth century, but the machine certainly attracted a lot of attention. It is at the moment, a "freak," but it may well set a new style in locomotives that stay in railroad yards to shunt cars back and forth.

This one, as the photograph shows, is a hybrid contraption, combining the best features of the automobile and the locomotive. It has four flanged steel wheels to carry it over the rails and, in addition, four larger wheels fitted with stout pneumatic tires. The steel wheels can be raised or lowered in a few seconds.

The machine is a great time-saver in a railway yard. When it is shifting cars about on one track and wants to get to a distant section of the terminal to work there, it isn't necessary for it to go through the complicated business of backing and filling over many lines of tracks, with much opening and closing of switches by yardmen. The driver merely raises the steel wheels and the engine, suddenly becomes an automobile, rolls off the rails and over the ground to the new scene of activity. In a minute it can get to a place that might take ten or fifteen minutes if it stayed on the rails.

The idea has been applied to railbuses which, in some parts of the country, pick up patrons on the highways and later take to the rails.

Spring Has No Monopoly On Romance, Science Learns

POETS to the contrary, Springtime has no monopoly on the romantic feelings of young folks.

Alfred Lord Tennyson just allowed his emotions to get the better of him when, back in 1877, he penned his immortal lines, "In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," according to Prof. M. A. Tinker, of the University of Minnesota psychology department.

"As a matter of fact," the psychologist says, "there is no closed season on love so far as we humans are concerned." A college boy, or any young man, says Prof. Tinker, may be a bit more chipper when the birds begin to sing and the flowers pop out of the earth, but "it's all in his mind, because he is bent that way by tradition." He can be just as romantic if the furnace in the house is turned to Spring heat or if the car-heater is behaving properly.

Just because young couples take to strolling out of doors in the Spring, plucking flowers, or paddling canoes, there is no reason to believe that their romantic instincts have been stirred by the balmy weather, Dr. Tinker contends. In substantiation of this he again calls the poets to the witness stand.

"The great poets of yesterday," he says, "did some of their best work when the thermometer was down low, according to researchers.

"Shakespeare was said to have written the most romantic play of them all, 'Romeo and Juliet,' in the dead of a bitter Winter."

The professor admits that things were a little different back in the horse-and-buggy days when young folks had to wait until the snow melted from the country lanes before they could get more than a mile or so from the hearth.

His surmises that the inauguration of May day frolics and the like may have had something to do with the tradition handed down from generation to generation that in the Springtime a young man's thoughts turn to love. But it is 90 per cent tradition, the Minnesota pyschologist believes. "But with animals," Prof. Tinker concedes, "things are different. They are compelled by circumstances to follow the dictation of the weather in their mating."

It may well be that there are plenty of scientists in the world who will take issue with the Minnesota scholar, despite his opinions and whatever research may have led up to the rather surprising statements.

Most people have believed, even before Tennyson penned his lyric lines about the effect of the passing of Winter on the attitude of males towards members of the fair sex, that the interest in courting and mating is accentuated when the days grow longer and warmer, the buds begin to break out into leaves and the birds sing sweetly.

No extended researches seem to have been made to establish, beyond quibble, that the romantic attitude is solely a matter of temperature. If the Minnesota psychologist is correct, then an apartment at "Springtime heat" is as good as a balmy night under the stars to help a young man make up his mind to "pop the question."

Whatever truth his theory may have in it, however, the poets probably will keep right on building up the myth that Springtime is the ideal season for romance. To them there always will be something about the blue skies and the birds to awaken youthful ardor.

Kissless Baby Keeps His Health

LONDON.

THE husky young Britisher seen in the photograph recently snapped in Hyde Park is the sort of youngster that sentimental women like to chuckle under the chin and "coo" at—and, if you don't stop them, they'll plant a kiss on his curly head or his pink cheeks.

This is all very sweet, of course, but such promiscuous kissers are a menace to public health and have drawn the fire of physicians and parents. The father of this lad, when the nursemaid told him that a smiling stranger had stopped to admire the baby and, before she could stop her, had kissed him, decided that something had to be done. So he went to a sign painter and had a placard made which even near-sighted baby lovers can read.

The sign has made life much easier for the nursemaids who, a dozen times in the course of the youngster's morning ride through the park, had to tell well-meaning people not to kiss the child.

At the moment sign painters are doing a rushing business doing such cards for parents in the capital. Several printers, seeing a chance to pick up some extra business, set the "Don't Kiss" edict in bold type and showed the cards in their shop windows.

The newspapers, publishing pictures of the labeled perambulators, ran editorials intended to discourage chronic baby-kissers.

More and More Mothers and Nursemaids in London Are Adopting the Policy of This Child's Mother, and by Placards Are Protecting Their Children From Well-meant but Harmful Germ-dispensing Kisses of Those Thoughtless People Who "Just Love Babies and Must Kiss Them."

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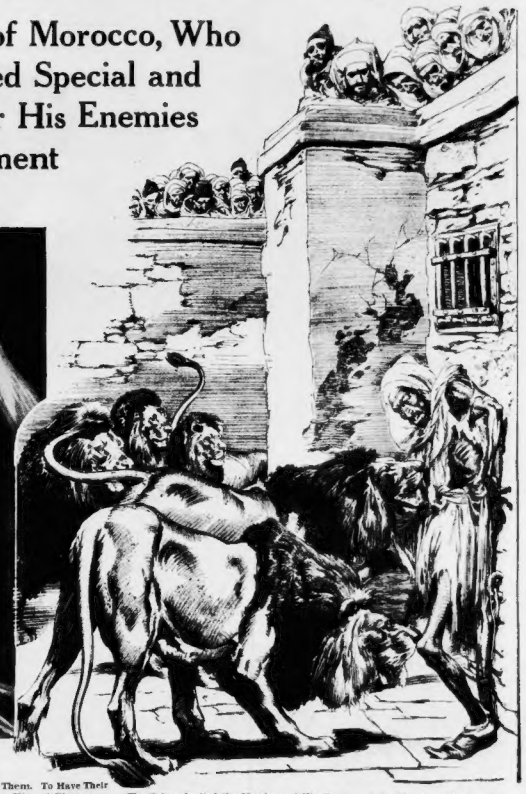
Torturing His 700 Wives, His Indoor Sport

But Mulai Hafid, Sultan of Morocco, Who Has Just Died, Invented Special and Ingenious Cruelties for His Enemies as an Outdoor Amusement

The Late Mulai Hafid, Former Sultan of Morocco, and Perhaps One of the Most Inhuman Brutes Who Ever Sat on a Throne.

Delighted With His New Camera, the Sultan Took Pictures of the Ladies of His Harem, and This Is One of Them. To Have Their Faces Shown Unveiled Was an Eternal Disgrace.



The Sultan Invited the Members of His Court and the Foreign Ministers to a Dinner in the Royal Gardens, and for the Entertainment of His Guests Ordered El Roghi, an Enemy He Had Captured, Brought Into the Lion Pit. But He Had So Starved His Prisoner That There Was Little Meat on His Bones, and After Sniffing Him Over the Animals Turned Away, Much to the Disgust of the Sultan.

Photograph of the Unfortunate El Roghi, Padlocked in an Iron Cage and Carted Through the Streets on a Camel's Back for the People to Jeer and Throw Things At.

Photograph of the Sultan's Minister of War Tickling the Ear of One of the Royal Tigers.

MULAI HAFID, perhaps the most cruel human monster of modern times, died the other day at his home at Enghien, Belgium. He was the dethroned Sultan of Morocco and had spent the last twenty-five years of his life in exile, but his countrymen lived in dread that he might return some day and seize the power he had been forced to abandon in 1912.

His short but incredible inhuman rule began in 1907 when he kicked his royal brother off the "Throne of the Prophet." Although Mulai Hafid's mother was a slave, he himself was a direct descendant of Ali, son-in-law of the prophet Mohammed, and therefore entitled to sit on the Moroccan throne. Before the revolution he spent much of his time writing books on poetry and religion, which he published at his own expense. The desert tribes, however, objected to his brother's extravagant tastes which were emptying the royal treasury and asked Mulai Hafid to lead the revolt. It was successful and Mulai Hafid was recognized as Sultan. As soon as he assumed power he began what he called his "reforms."

His first step was to mutilate and torture the men who had tried to stop the revolt. He called together his court and before the horrified eyes of the 700 wives he had inherited from his brother told his executioners to cut off the arms and legs of his captives. Some of the lesser offenders had their teeth pulled out and rammed down their throats. Others had a wide circle drawn around their mouths with a knife. The flesh was then torn away, leaving a grinning jaw. As a salve it pleased the new Sultan to order the wounds treated with boiling wax.

The Sultan saved El Roghi, the man who had led the armies of the counter-revolution, until the last. He was reserved for special attention. He locked him up in a narrow iron cage in which he could not stand or sit, and put the cage on the back of a camel which was led through the streets of Fez, the capital city, where the unfortunate man was pelted with stones and rotten vegetables. Then El Roghi was taken to the imperial zoo, noted for its fine fierce lions. The Sultan had taken care to starve the beasts for several days in preparation for the feast he was about to give them.

When satisfied the royal lions were plenty hungry the Sultan sent out invitations to the diplomats and officials of his court announcing a "banquet" at the royal zoo. The guests thought this was a rather unusual place to give a party but they knew His Majesty was an original sort of monarch. When the expectant diners arrived they were shown to seats arranged around the lions' den. When the Sultan arrived he gave orders that El Roghi be brought in. The prisoner was thrown into the enclosure with the beasts and His Majesty peered down into the pit with eager anticipation of something worth seeing.

But the Sultan hadn't counted on one thing. El Roghi, after weeks of torture and privation, was unusually thin with hardly any meat on his bones at all. The lions refused to bother with him and after nosing him over they sulked in a corner. Those officials who had not fainted or been sick pleaded with the Sultan to release the man in superstitious terror for had he not revealed magical powers in taming those hungry wild animals? They feared that El Roghi might bring down the wrath of Allah on their heads. The Sultan was disappointed that his party hadn't been a success but refused to listen to the pleas. He laughed at the notion of magical powers. He would think up a better way to test them.

Next day the representatives of diplomatic powers who maintained embassies at Fez drew up a protest demanding that El Roghi be released and that in future all punishment involving torture or a lingering death should cease. They demanded an official audience with the Sultan to find out just exactly what he intended to do with the prisoner. While they were waiting for the Sultan to receive them in the throne room they heard a couple of rifle shots outside.

In a few minutes Mulai Hafid entered and received the diplomats. They spoke emphatically on the qualities of mercy that their European countries had shown in the past toward political prisoners. When they had finished the Sultan complimented them on their eloquence. He heaved a deep sigh and said:

"Your Excellencies have convinced me, but alas your words come too late. I have already executed with my own hand the ignoble person of El Roghi. Perhaps you heard the sound of shots. It is most unfortunate that you have spent your time on such a fruitless venture. Gentlemen, I bid you good-day!"

His next victim was the wife of Ben Aissa, a former Governor of Fez, who had died from the tortures Mulai Hafid had inflicted. Just before he was captured the Governor of the city was supposed to have hidden a considerable amount of treasure, the hiding-place of which only his wife knew. After she was arrested the Sultan had her right hand sewn up in damp raw-hide which by contracting as it dried crushed the hand and rendered it useless. Then she was hung by ropes and whipped every hour. When this gentle persuasion failed to reveal the hiding place of the treasure the woman was thrown into a cell where she starved to death.

When the Sultan deposed his brother he inherited by law his brother's four palaces, his 4,000,000 subjects and his 700 wives. According to Mohammedan tradition the male head of a family must care for and support any widowed in-laws. Thus, the Sultan's own mother may be included in his harem. Mulai Hafid didn't care much for any of his brother's wives and since they were a heavy financial burden he thought up ways of getting rid of them.

His favorite trick was to bind and blindfold several of his wives, strip them bare and lead them to one of the large pools which ornamented his extensive gardens. As they stood in line alongside the pool he would march behind them, pushing in one at a time and clapping his hands with glee at the hysterical shrieks of the women who were floundering about in the water. Since swimming and escaping from bonds under water were not amongst the accomplishments taught in the harem most of the women drowned.

For the older women with bad hearts he invented a different scheme. The Sultan had a five-story tower built which contained an elevator. His Arabian palaces, however splendid they might be, were as a rule only one story high. There was not any need of an elevator but the Sultan had seen and admired an elevator in a foreign city and an elevator he was determined to have. He ordered a tower built so he could take pleasure jaunts up and down in the elevator whenever he felt like it.

The older women were not used to such modern innovations, so to teach them the ways of western civilization the Sultan would lock them up in the elevator cage. Then he would turn on the motor from an outside switch and watch the terrified women shoot up and down with sickening stops and starts. Those with bad hearts didn't last long after a few such journeys.

Another marvel of western civilization which delighted him was the railroad. He had a short stretch of tracks laid in his gardens at Bou Djeloud, his palace at Fez. It pleased him to entertain his guests by taking them on a joy-ride through the extensive grounds. He had two steam engines and hugely enjoyed staging collisions. When he got tired of this he put human cargoes aboard.

One night as his guests were comfortably seated in the palace gardens sipping their drinks the Sultan announced that there would be a fine bang-up collision that night. As the trains raced toward each other the guests were horrified to see a dozen wives of the Sultan seated in cars behind each engine. The guests shrieked and the women jumped just in time. No one was killed and the Sultan later boasted that he had thought up the "ride of death" himself.

Another marvel of science which delighted him was the barber's chair which could be raised or lowered and tilted backward. He ordered one of these from a mail-order house and had it installed in his gorgeously decorated throne room. During the tedious receptions he gave for visiting diplomats the Sultan would get restless and suddenly whirl himself around like a merry-go-round in the chair, to everyone's consternation. In the midst of a tiring speech he would sometimes tilt the chair backwards and take a little nap.

When cameras were explained to him the Sultan bought one and photographed the women of his harem. This was humiliating to his wives who, according to strict tradition, were not supposed to show their faces to anyone but their lord and master.

The Sultan delighted in giving lavish parties, the climax of which was to offer each one of his male guests one of the women of his harem for the night. He spent so much money on amusing himself that out in his harem his wives didn't have enough food to maintain the fat figures which are fashionable in Morocco. After he abdicated many of these women were found in a half-starved condition.

By 1911 he got his country so deeply in debt that he had to borrow $20,000,000 from France. This loan caused what is known in history as the "Agadir incident." Germany sent a warship, the "Panther," to Morocco to protect German interests. War seemed imminent between France and Germany but was avoided for the time being by giving Germany a large slice of the French Congo. General Lyautey established a French protectorate in Morocco and Mulai Hafid renounced his throne in favor of his younger brother, Mulai Yusef. The ex-Sultan was forced into exile and went to live in Barcelona.

During the World War Germany wished to give him back his throne in order to deprive the French of the mandate in Morocco. They wanted him to start another revolution but he refused, saying his people would call him back when they got ready.

When the German agents failed, they sent Mata Hari, the famous spy, to try to win him over. They knew that Mulai Hafid was an ardent lover and felt little doubt that the sensuous dancer would appeal to him. She persuaded him to elope with her and had the German submarine U-35 waiting on the coast of Spain to take them to Morocco. At the last moment Mulai Hafid refused and Mata Hari was recalled to Germany. When asked later about the incident, the ex-Sultan said that the spy was an excellent dancer and most amusing company but he had realized from the beginning that her affection for him was only part of her job.

After the war the ex-Sultan lived at Enghien, Belgium, in a shabby, badly furnished house. The gardens of his villa were overgrown with weeds and the wallpaper fell off in great patches on the walls. The dining-room was bare except for a table and chair at which the ex-Sultan ate alone. The living-room was done in cheap second-hand furniture which Mulai Hafid had upholstered himself. There was no bath in the place and the Sultan was in the habit of washing himself in a shallow stream which ran through the property. In the winter time his housekeeper would heat kettles of water so he could bathe in the kitchen sink.

One luxury which the Sultan could afford on his $2,000 a year pension was an old limousine painted silver. The auto was given to him by his brother, who found it too antiquated for his own use. Once in a while he would take a night off and drive to Paris. He was frequently seen at the old "Bal Tabarin," where the "can-can" is supposed to have originated. His partner on these pleasure jaunts was his old friend and neighbor ex-King Alfonso XIII of Spain. Another friend was General Lyautey, the French official at Morocco who forced him to abdicate. The Sultan abandoned his kingdom with such grace and courtesy that the two men became friends. Lyautey always took care to address the man he had kicked out as "Majesty."

In 1926 the ex-Sultan made a little money by selling a diamond of great worth and beauty which was supposed to have come from his imperial crown. The stone did not belong to Mulai Hafid at all. It was formerly part of the Russian crown jewels which the Soviet government wanted to sell. But there were too many crown jewels on the market so the Soviet asked the Sultan to lend the jewel his name. They thought it would be easier to sell. It was, and the Sultan got a fat commission.

During his stay at Enghien, Mulai Hafid made friends with a beautiful Spanish widow who lived nearby. The couple had a daughter, and when the Sultan died the only mourner at his funeral the other day in the Mohammedan Mosque in Paris were his former sweetheart and their daughter.

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Here At Last, The All-American Ballet

A Scene in "Alma Mater," a Comic Ballet Based on American College Life. The Dancers, Charles Laskey and Giselle Caccialanza, Were Born and Trained in This Country.

Critics Have Said That Such Grace and Skill as the American Dancers Are Revealing in This Tableau Can't Be Surpassed by the Best of Ballet Troupes From Abroad.

Below, Left—Lew Christensen, a Husky and Handsome Member of the Troupe, as He Recently Appeared on the Stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, as the Mythical God Apollo.

"RICHARD WICKER PHOTOS"

Another Photograph of the Artists of the American Ballet in Action. Along With Such Classic Poses the Dancers Have Depicted Such Familiar Phases of American Life as a Poker Game and Are Looking Forward to Doing a Ballet Version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

A FEW years ago America was anything but "ballet-conscious." Theatregoers enjoyed and understood the mass maneuvers of the chorus girls in musical shows, the graceful gyrations of dance teams swirling through the formal measures of the waltz and the more spirited rhythm of the tango. Tap-dancers working singly, in pairs and threes, have been pleasing audiences for years with their variations of the old buck-and-wing. But the ballet was something else—an imported brand of dancing which, like caviar and Cossacks, seemed to belong in Russia where the leaping, spinning and tip-toeing made sense in Slavonic eyes.

Many of the operas, of course, have ballets to help set the atmosphere for the drama enacted by the singers. But the dancing is merely incidental. Every now and then a ballet troupe arrives from Europe to go on a tour of American cities, but for every ticket sold for these performances hundreds of tickets are sold for musical comedies and the serious plays of the so-called legitimate theatre. Many of the people who put on their formal attire to patronize the ballet do so because it is "the thing to do" and not because they care a hoot about the antics of artists with unpronounceable names.

People in this country have a ballet school and a ballet company of their own, and they are gradually coming to appreciate that there is genuine entertainment in the "leaping, spinning and tiptoeing."

The school, which is in New York City and has about 150 pupils, is called The School of American Ballet, Inc. The company is called The American Ballet and it has been very much a going concern for about two years.

The story behind the venture goes back to the campus of Harvard University and the year 1930. It was there and then that two students at the university—Edward M. M. Warburg and Lincoln Kirstein—made up their minds that this country would go for ballet dancing, if people were shown that the art isn't something foreign and mysterious, if the dancers were American-born and trained here and, what's very important, if some of the ballets were based on familiar phases of American life.

In 1933 these ambitious young men engaged an eminent Russian ballet master, George Balanchine, and his friend, Vladimir Dimitriew, to start the school they had in mind. The school opened in January, 1934, with eight pupils. More pupils came and, in the spring of 1935, The American Ballet put on its first public performance in Hartford, Connecticut. Among other numbers they did something called "Alma Mater," a cleverly conceived and amusing picture of life at Yale University. The dancers bounded about the stage in the best classical manner but their antics had plain meaning to the first-night audience. The hero of the piece was not a faun romping with a bevy of nymphs, but a broad-shouldered football player shewing off for his girl friends.

About a month and a half after the debut in Hartford the troupe of American-born and American-trained dancers appeared in a New York playhouse and delighted audiences for twenty-one nights. When Edward Johnson, head of the world-famous Metropolitan Opera, saw the performance he promptly engaged the entire company to do the ballet work at his eminent establishment. The American Ballet has been a part of the Metropolitan Opera ever since, and recently took over the house to stage three ballets written by the celebrated Russian composer, Igor Stravinski. Two of the offerings—"Apollo" and "The Fairy's Kiss"—were on the order of the ballets that the Russian dancers used to bring over with them. The third, called "The Card Party," had a distinctly American flavor because it was the story of a game of poker. The young and sprightly dancers played three hands, so to speak, and the audience broke into amused applause as they watched a hand of four aces beat four queens and, as a grand finale, a royal flush win out over a smaller straight flush in spades. As in the case of "Alma Mater," here was dancing in the classic manner that told a story familiar to Americans. The ballet made a hit.

Mr. Warburg, Mr. Kirstein and their associates are not planning to completely "Americanize" their school and their ballet company. Many of their productions will be as fantastic and poetic as the shows that the traveling Russian troupes used to present. They will be based upon themes which are "classic, artistic and universal," but American folk-lore and native literature will be carefully considered for ideas that might be worked into ballets.

There are plans afoot right now to make a ballet of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with the dancers telling the whole familiar story of the days of slavery which came to end with the Civil War. Uncle Tom, as the production is planned, will be the only speaking part. The rest of the drama—Eliza crossing the river on the ice cakes, the death of golden-haired Little Eva, and the cruel whip-lashings of Simon Legree—will be shown in dance movements.

In other words, The American Ballet, made up entirely of native-born dancers trained in this country, will use the technique of the "Russian school" to tell a story as typically American as college life at Yale or a Saturday night game of poker.

George Balanchine, master of The American Ballet, and Vladimir Dimitriew, director of the school in which the dancers are trained for the stage, are surprised at the talent of their pupils. Dancer for dancer, they say, The American Ballet is superior to the troupes that come here from abroad, and its members have more strength and natural grace and are not nearly so temperamental.

Remarkable Pictures of —Nature's Freak, the "Cat-Dog"

ONE of the strangest domestic animals ever born in this country is the "cat-dog" shown in the photographs at the right. It was one of a litter of four kittens born to a cat belonging to Mrs. Annie Mae Gannon, of Wilmington, North Carolina. Only one of the kittens was normal. The other three were freaks. One had no tail, another had only a short stub of a tail and the remaining one was the queerest of all—a creature that looked as much like a dog as a cat. This oddity was the only member of the litter that survived.

A brief description of the freak was published in "The Journal of Heredity" which explained that the "cat-dog" was not born until 12 hours after the rest of the litter—and with its eyes open. It was able to crawl a little and the hair on its body was short, like that of a dog. In many ways it looked more like a dog than a cat though, of course, there was no question that its father was a member of the feline species.

The owner of the freak and others who saw it were struck by the dog-like appearance of its head. The creature was nicknamed "Nonesuch," and had short whiskers like a puppy, amusingly bowed hind legs and a stub of a tail. These features, plus its short smooth hair, gave the curiosity the appearance of being about equal parts cat and dog.

There was talk in Wilmington that "Nonesuch" was dog-like because its mother, while she was carrying the kittens, had engaged in several spirited fights with a mixed-breed dog that lived in the neighborhood. It was guessed that the cat had become so scared during one of these battles that three of her four kittens were abnormal and that one of them was "marked" like the creature that had frightened the mother.

Few scientists would accept this explanation for the freak, however, but would look upon the creature as a case of "recessive mutation." In plain English that means that the freak is a sort of throwback something like the offspring that cat-like creatures had millions of years ago before the types of felines we have today were evolved.

At least one scientist wanted to make a careful study of "Nonesuch" to find out, if possible, just why it was such a dog-like "critter" in looks and in its behavior. It mewed like a cat but sniffed food like a dog. It gnawed bones in a most dog-like manner and when resting, sat erect, stretched its paws out in front just as a dog would do. But the owner of the oddity, perhaps seeing a profitable future for it as a sideshow attraction, declined to turn it over to science.

Three Snapshots of the Curious "Cat-Dog" Born in Wilmington, North Carolina, as a Kitten, and the Only Survivor of the Litter. The Animal Has the Characteristics of Both Cat and Dog, Including a Bulbous Chest and Hind Legs on Which He Sits Like a Dog. Note the Canine Postures in the Two Smaller Pictures.

How the "Opposite Twins" Who Puzzled Science Have Grown

ACME

Rudolfo Rios, the Brunet of the Twins, and He Is a Pronounced Brunet, Too. He and His Brother Are Close to Their Sixth Birthday.

THE citizens who live on Santa Catalina Island, off the coast of California, haven't any quintuplets to point to with pride, but they have the Rios twins who, sometime soon, will celebrate their sixth birthday. When the youngsters were born in the winter of 1931 one of them was named Rudolfo. He had black hair and dark eyes, like his Mexican mother. The other was given the name Umberto and, as the photograph shows, he was as white as his brother is dark in spite of the fact that the boys are identical twins. Senora Rios was puzzled and worried until the doctor explained to her that the "white one" ought to grow up to be a healthy, happy youngster even if he is an albino.

The physician's prediction has come true. Umberto is as husky and healthy as his swarthy brother and has focussed the attention of scientists and laymen all over the world on the little family living on Santa Catalina Island. The records seem to show that only three have identical twins, one an albino, been born in this country. One of these pairs are the Rios boys.

For a year or two after the strange team came into the world their mother had the fear that Umberto might not get along so well because his snow-white hair, his alabaster skin and his pink eyes gave him a sickly look compared with his dark-complexioned brother. But the boy got along all right. He gained weight, had a lot of animal spirit and, being young, didn't get self-conscious about his unusual appearance. He thought it was fun to be so popular and have people stop and talk to him. His mother has seen to it that Umberto doesn't look upon himself as a "freak."

Except for their coloring the Rios twins look very much alike. They should because they sprang from the same cell. Why Umberto should have his glands go awry so that no pigment is manufactured for his skin, his hair and his eyes is a puzzle but scientists know that's what happened.

Albinism—lack of coloring matter—is a condition that is found among animals and flowers as well as among human beings. Albinos have been discovered among all races and in every part of the world. This being so, scientists have deduced that race and climate have little, if anything, to do with the occasional appearance of albinos. Now and then, perhaps, heredity may have something to do with the production of albinos because such oddities are frequent among the Zuni Indians of Arizona.

Apparently there is nothing that can be done to provide coloring matter for a person, an animal or a flower that is born without pigment or the equipment for making pigment. If the material isn't there, then it can't be added afterward.

Albinism is frequent in the rabbit tribe and the most beautiful white rabbits with pretty pink eyes are in the same boat with little Umberto Rios. By a trick of birth they were deprived of the elements that gives tone to the skin, the hair and the eyeballs.

There is one bad feature about albinism—the condition frequently is accompanied by weak eyes. That is the chief difference in appearance, aside from the black-and-white contrast—of the Rios twins. Rudolfo has big, and rather handsome, black eyes, like his mother, and Umberto has eyes that are rat-like and somewhat Oriental in appearance. The squinty appearance of his eyelids is his way of trying to cut down the amount of light that comes into his eyes. Bright sunshine is almost painful to the Albino twin. And it is also dangerous if the eyes are not protected by shades or smoked glasses.

The boys, like the more famous quins to the North, are inseparable companions. They are very fond of each other and Rudolfo has become so used to being with his brother that he never thinks of him as at all different from himself.

ACME

Umberto, the Blondest Boy on Catalina Island, and Opposite Brother of Rudolfo. Both Have Provided Science With a Problem. And Both Are Extremely Healthy.

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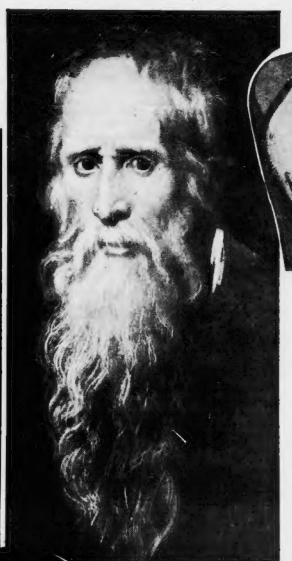
How Old Can You Live To Be?

Baldheaded? Then You're Not Likely to Reach 100. Can You Hear Keys Rattle? If Not, Old Age Is Creeping On You---Some of the Things That Prevent Us From Reaching the Century Mark Even If We Start Out With Every Prospect

A Horse's Age Can Be Told by Its Teeth, and Retention of Our Own Teeth Beyond the Average Time Seems to Be One Promise of a Ripe Old Age.

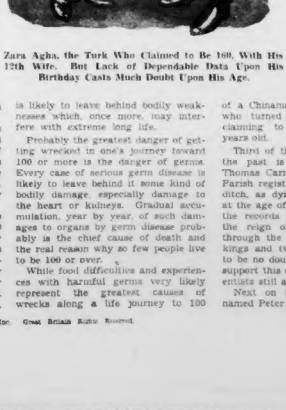
Senora Rosa de la Martina, of Santa Clara, Cal., Was Asserted to Be 126 Years of Age When This Picture Was Taken. It Is Remarkable for Illustrating How Great Age Wipes Out Evidences of Sex From the Faces of Those Who Attain It.



A Painting of Thomas Parr, an Englishman Who Was Born in 1483 and Died in 1635, Aged 152 Years, if the Records Are Correct.

There Seems to Be Some Relationship Between Baldness and Old Age, Since Centenarians Are Seldom Bald. But Whether Even Successful Efforts to Restore Hair on Shining Pates Would Prolong Life Is Doubtful. Illustration Is the English Cartoonist Rowlandson's Famous Caricature of "The Bald-Headed Man."

The Countess of Desmond, Who Was Supposed to Have Lived to Be 145, But There Is Considerable Uncertainty About This.



Zara Agha, the Turk Who Claimed to Be 160, With His 12th Wife. But Lack of Dependable Data Upon His Birthday Casts Much Doubt Upon His Age.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, Sr., wanted to live to be 100. No one in the world ever had better care, medical attention, change of climate and everything else that money could buy that would prolong his life. Yet Mr. Rockefeller failed in his ambition to reach 100, and died two years and 46 days short of it.

Probably almost everyone else in the country also wants to live to 100, or at least to a ripe old age. Yet the cold facts of statistics show that very few of them will get their wish.

Those who are baldheaded almost certainly won't.

It has been noticed that people who actually do live to be 100 seem to be more likely to retain their hair, or some of it, than is usual. Many people between 60 and 80 tend to become bald, but bald centenarians are a rarity, which facts suggest the possibility that good blood supply to the head may have something to do with extreme old age. Abundant blood supply on the outside of the skull means a smaller chance of baldness; the same thing inside the skull may mean slower decay of the brain and other portions of the nervous system. Mr. Rockefeller became totally bald many years ago and wore a toupee. An example of the centenarian's hair of head is given in the portrait of "Old Parr," an Englishman who is supposed to have lived to be 152, and whether he did or not, was well over 100 at his death.

Besides people destined to be centenarians keeping their hair, they also seem to be likely to keep their teeth instead of losing them, so that a person of 85 or 90 who still has most of his teeth in good condition has a better prospect of making a 100-year record than a person of the same age whose teeth are gone.

A horse's age can be told by his teeth, and it is at least possible that a would-be centenarian could tell something of his chances by looking into his own mouth, if he were able to take a microscope and count the number of taste buds on each square centimeter of his tongue, for it is known that these taste buds slowly decrease in number as one gets older. Presumably the people destined for exceptionally long lives have more taste buds remaining at a given age than is true of other people.

Hearing is another sign of true physiological age as contrasted with age in years. Most people lose their hearing gradually as they get older, especially for the higher-pitched tones of the musical scale. An elderly person who still can hear these tones is perhaps more likely than the average to have another decade or two of life ahead of him.

Probably no one ever actually used the test, but a good way to pick out promising centenarians might be to see how many people in a group of persons over seventy can recognize the noise of a bunch of keys being jiggled behind their backs. That noise happens to contain a good deal of sound in the high-pitched region. Elderly people often fail to recognize it if their hearing for these tones has failed considerably. Anyone who does recognize the sound of jingling keys every time and is able to distinguish it from other sounds such as crumpling a sheet of paper or rattling a handful of loose coins, ought to have a good centenarian chance.

A sign still less easy to observe is the size of the great artery, the aorta, which leaves the heart and curves downward along the back to supply blood to the lower part of the body. An enlarged aorta is believed to be a sign of increasing age and relatively early death, although this can be learned only by X-rays and requires, in any event, a skilled physician to interpret the X-ray pictures.

A recent suggestion is that the kind of electric waves given off by the brain may be an indication of bodily or nervous old age, so that tests of brain waves in a laboratory might pick out promising centenarians from the others. Perhaps some day an insurance examination will include tests of these brain waves to diagnose either premature old age or prolonged youth. As yet, however, experts do not know enough about the different possible brain waves to make such tests.

According to the census figures something like 4,000 persons in the United States now claim to be more than 100 years old. Many scientists are a little skeptical about most of these claims. In some parts of the country birth certificates and accurate family records are not common. If a person really gets to be 85 or 90, it is not difficult for friends and family to tack on another 10 or 15 years and build up a 100-year reputation.

Nevertheless, many people really 100 years old undoubtedly exist and many inquiring medical men and statisticians have studied these centenarian lives trying to see what it is that accounts for their ability to live so long.

No one ever has been able to find any definite reason for especially long life. Some of the aged people use tobacco and alcohol. Others do not. Some have lived largely on vegetable foods. Others have followed other food fads, or none at all. Out of the enormous amount of scientific work which has been done only one conclusion has been reached.

This is that a tendency to long life is inherited and definitely runs in families; a conclusion reached independently by the two leading experts on the subject, Professor Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins University, and Dr. Louis I. Dublin of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

Another leading expert, Professor Henry C. Sherman of Columbia University, has studied the relation between old age and diets, not so much with human beings as with laboratory rats. Professor Sherman's data show that good diet undoubtedly does affect old age, especially in the age brackets below 90, but neither Professor Sherman nor anyone else has been able to find any single type of food which infallibly will aid old age, or even any type which is certain to prevent it.

Apparently what controls the matter is pure accident. A person born into a healthy and long-lived family, who has all his life the best possible diet, who keeps his interests and enthusiasms to old age and is in every other way prepared for a long life is like a railway passenger who has bought a through ticket clear across the continent. Nowadays, railway safety has reached the point that such a passenger is reasonably certain to arrive, but this was not always true. All kinds of wrecks and accidents might be faced along the line. So far as old age is concerned, the medical profession still is in this period of wrecks and accidents.

The average individual nowadays has, for example, a reasonably good chance to be injured in some kind of automobile smashup. Even when this is not fatal, bodily organs may be damaged so that weaknesses are left. Thus the expectation of old age may be decreased.

Another thing which may trip up the hopeful candidate for life to 100 or beyond is poisons. Not very many people actually take mineral poisons like arsenic or mercury, but most people, at least a few times during their lives, get poisoned with bad food or some similar thing. Every such bout of poisoning, even if it is not fatal, is likely to leave behind bodily weaknesses which, once more, may interfere with extreme long life.

Probably the greatest danger of getting wrecked in one's journey toward 100 or more is the danger of germs. Every case of serious germ disease is likely to leave behind it some kind of bodily damage, especially damage to the heart or kidneys. Gradual accumulation, year by year, of such damages to organs by germ disease probably is the chief cause of death and the real reason why so few people live to be 100 or over.

While food difficulties and experiences with harmful germs very likely represent the greatest causes of wrecks along a life journey to 100 years, other things also exist. Only this year, work under Dr. Kendall B. Corbin of Stanford University proved that the nerve fibers which leave the spinal cord to run to the various organs of the body gradually lose their electric insulation as a person becomes older. Much other evidence also indicates that the whole nervous system gradually decays with age. Perhaps something of this kind would furnish an absolute limit to human longevity, even if no accident interfered.

However this may be, there can be no doubt that a chance of making the journey to 100 years and beyond, without suffering any fatal wreck along the way, actually does exist. 100 years, indeed, is not the limit. All possible doubts aside, one well-known Irish lady, Miss Katherine Plunket, died in 1932 at the certified and absolutely unmistakable age of a few days less than 112.

Concerning every other record of alleged extreme age, skeptics are able to point out possible flaws of some kind, although it is probable that ages of 120 or perhaps a few years more actually have been attained by some of the recorded individuals.

The greatest recorded age is 370 years, said to have been the age of a native of Portuguese India who died in the year 1566 and whose life and history are recorded by the Portuguese writer, Ferdinand Lopez Castegueta.

Another Portuguese historian, Maffeus, author of the History of the Indies, records of this same individual, named Numas de Cugna, that during his lifetime he had four new sets of teeth and the color of his hair and beard had been very frequently changed from black to gray and from gray to black. He asserted that in the course of his life he had had seven hundred wives, some of whom died and the others he had put away.

Next to this ancient but doubtful Indian worthy is the record of a Chinaman named Li Chung-yun, who turned up at Peiping in 1900, claiming to be at that time 252 years old.

Third of the alleged old persons of the past is an Englishman named Thomas Carn, who is recorded in the Parish register of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, as dying on January 25, 1588, at the age of 207 years. According to the records he was born in 1381 in the reign of Richard II and lived through the succeeding reigns of ten kings and two queens. There seems to be no doubt that parish records do support this extreme longevity but scientists still are skeptical.

Next on the list is a Rumanian named Peter Zartan or Tartan, who is variously recorded as having died at 185 to 187, but again, with lamentable absence of records. The distinguished British physician, Sir Humphry Rolleston, mentions a woman named Ann David, who died at 181. There also is a record of a Welshman named Jevan Yorath, supposed to have lived to 180.

John Rovin of Hungary, who died in 1741, was supposed to have been aged 172, and his wife 164. Their youngest son is recorded to have lived to be 118.

This Rovin family is a good illustration of the scientific skepticism. On the theory of probability it is extremely unlikely that two people of such advanced ages would happen to marry each other. The much more plausible explanation is that 60 or 70 years got added, somehow, to the history of the whole family, perhaps by confusion of two families of the same name in successive generations.

Recently in the news was the "ancient Turk" named Zara Agha, who died a few years ago at a reputed age of 160. This Turk exhibited himself in America as a theatrical attraction and undoubtedly was a man of extreme age, but proof of anything like 160 years was entirely lacking. He boasted he had outlived twelve wives.

The same applies to a long series of recorded individuals supposed to have lived to ages between 150 and 160, one of them being the famous "Old Parr," previously mentioned, otherwise, Thomas Parr of Winnington, Shropshire, England, who died in 1635 at the reputed age of 152.

Senora Rosa de la Martina, of Santa Clara, Cal., claimed to be 126 years old when her photograph was taken two years ago. She was certainly more than a hundred and was interesting to scientists because she was so perfect an example of how great age wipes out the facial sex characteristics. The Senora could quite as well have been a man as a woman so far as her appearance went.

More than one hundred records exist of people supposed to have died at ages between 145 and Miss Plunket's record of 112, including the much-discussed case of the Countess of Desmond, of Ireland, who is supposed to have lived to 140 but whose biography the scientific critics believe has confused three distinct and successive Countesses of this title.

Some of the skeptical scientists have tried, in the absence of unquestionable records of any age older than 112, to decide how old human beings can live on the basis of biological evidence. Starting from theories of the relation between the age at maturity and the maximum lives of various animals, the famous naturalist George Louis Leclerc, Comte de Buffon decided that 125 years was about the human limit.

Recently a Russian biologist, Professor P. P. Lazarev, made another estimate based on measurements of the gradual decay of the nervous system already mentioned. His estimate was 180 years, meaning that anyone who dies at less than 180 years must be the victim of some of the various accidents that shorten lives, including attacks by germs and accidental breakdowns of bodily organs.

So far there is little evidence to support Professor Lazarev's estimate. A better one, probably, is that healthy human beings of satisfactory heredity and who escape any damage by germ attacks or other accidents, may reasonably expect to live to ages somewhere between 110 and 120.

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Why 2000 Couples Wonder If They're Married

ROMANTIC British boys and girls were shocked, and at least 2,000 happily "married" couples in all parts of the British Isles were faced with the discovery that their marriages may not have been legal, when an investigation committee uncovered a remarkable "marriage racket" at Scotland's famous Gretna Green, which for years has been the destination of eloping couples to be married over the flaming forges of the Gretna Green smithy.

In the ancient blacksmith shop, said to have been built back in the seventeen hundreds, were scores of relics. There were two ancient coaches in which, it was said, couples high in the nobility, had fled to Gretna Green to marry, after parental consent to their wedding had been refused. There were "lucky" brides' veils, each with its romantic history of love and marriage at the forge, where a great anvil served as an altar.

The huge, calm-faced one-time blacksmith who called himself a priest when he conducted the marriage ceremonies, was revealed to have been a farmer, named Mackie, who bought the blacksmith shop in 1890. And the whole romantic scheme was revealed to have been just a well press-agented fraud.

Thousands of couples have been pronounced man and wife in the shop, but it is doubtful if more than a few hundred of these marriages actually were legal—these few couples having taken the additional precaution of having a second civil marriage performed.

The easy Scotch marriage laws of the period of 1854, or thereabouts, resulted in many English couples crossing the border, to be married at the first convenient spot, which happened to be Gretna Green. These marriages ceased when a law was passed requiring 21 days' residence in Scotland before a couple could be married in that country.

But Gretna had gained its reputation as a romantic spot, even though its marriage business did fall off. Then, about 1890, Mackie set up his blacksmith shop at Gretna Green and went into the prosaic business of shoeing horses for the local farmers and carters. For nearly fifteen years Mackie was the village smith, with no thought of running a marriage mart. But around 1890 he rented a cottage to an American tourist, and the two often met at the smithy.

One such night Mackie happened to reveal that the 21-day marriage law had since been abandoned, although Gretna Green had not regained its old time prestige with

By Word of Mouth Advertising the "Museum" Became Famous, and Romantic Lovers Eloped There in Great Numbers, to Be Married in Front of the Now Historic Anvil.

eloping sweethearts. The American immediately outlined a plan to the willing blacksmith which, he said, would make him more money in a month than he could earn in a year.

He proposed that first of all, the blacksmith shop should be turned into a museum—the museum to be filled with the romantic relics that occupy it today. The blacksmith demurred. Where, he asked, would he get relics? But the American, who must have been some relation to P. T. Barnum, told him there were plenty of suckers in the world, and plenty of people to believe anything that was told them.

The American left Scotland, but the wily Mr. Mackie went ahead with the scheme. He bought an old lintel from a grocery store in the town, with a 1700 date carved into it, and placed it above the door of the blacksmith shop. An ancient anvil had long been junk on the hands of a local second-hand dealer, and he gladly sold it to Mackie for a few shillings. An old coach that once belonged to the High Sheriff of Cumberland, and had never been used in any more romantic capacity than a parade, could be bought for virtually nothing. Wedding veils weren't hard to get.

By smart advertising, mostly word of mouth, the "Museum" became well-known, and as it became known, the old tradition of Gretna Green as a spot for eloping lovers, was revived. In a year or so a small stream of eloping couples began to trickle into the old town, to be married.

During the war, when quick marriages were the rule rather than the exception, Gretna Green cleaned up, and after the war hundreds of couples arrived in the Scotch town every year to be married.

In the period between 1926 and 1935 nearly 3,000 couples were married in the blacksmith shop, and two-thirds of these, it has been learned since, were never legalized by civil registration. With admissions from the museum, and his $5 fee for marrying a couple—a fee that was often doubled or tripled by the happy bridegroom, the smithy was said to be earning more than $10,000 a year.

Mackie died several years ago and for a while the "business" was operated by a man named Bignell, who, at the insistence of his family, gave it up. Recently it has been operated by an Englishman named Rennison, who posed as a blacksmith, and also as a priest. He was a former saddlemaker in England.

Had he known anything about the Scotch marriage laws Rennison might have at least married his couples legally, as, in Scotland, a couple can become man and wife simply by mutual consent and announcement, but such marriages must be registered. This was never explained to the unfortunates who eloped to Gretna Green.

Investigation of the odd marriage racket conducted at ancient Gretna Green was instituted when a committee was appointed by the Secretary of State for Scotland to study the marriage code in Scotland with a view toward abolishing the "mutual consent marriages" and setting up a standard marriage code throughout the country. Because of its reputation as a cupid's paradise, the committee first investigated Gretna Green, with the surprising and to thousands of people who have been "married" there, startling discovery that the whole thing was a racket.

Fantastic Remedies Still Popular With Ailing Japanese

ONE is apt to think of a Japanese girl as a dainty figure in an old print, wandering over crooked little bridges while lotus and cherry blossoms fall at her tiny feet. She may be gazing sadly at the reflection of her exquisite face in a silvery pool, but one is led to imagine that her troubles are spiritual things.

It never occurs to one that this pretty Oriental maiden may have stomach-aches and fevers just like anybody else. But she does. Unlike her Western sisters, however, she must resort to peculiar cures for her ailments. These dubious remedies are not only popular, but official, and "The Japan Year Book" seriously lists many of them as having a sound scientific basis.

If the girl wakes up with a slight nausea, she is expected to eat the "Fukuryukan," which is made from the burned clay of old cooking stoves. It is supposed to be "good for morning-sickness, sea-sickness and intoxication." The "Japan Year Book" admits of this curious concoction that "it is still uncertain which ingredient is good for disease." But Japanese scientists, who seem to work backwards, have carefully listed all the ingredients of the substance, which include vitriolline, calcium and magnesium.

Should one eat too many oysters, the stomach pangs may be treated by eating the shells. Oyster shells, finely ground and made into pills, are used for headaches, sour stomach and various other complaints. Dyspepsia and tuberculosis alike are supposed to be taken care of by eating calcite, a disagreeable chalk containing calcium carbonate and magnesium.

If the poor girl has "heart-burn," the "Year Book" cheerfully recommends the eating of toads. For more serious heart troubles, a medical meaning is given to the old sentimental association of "hearts and flowers." The extract of lilies-of-the-valley is endorsed as not only relieving heart pains, but as curing the cause.

Arthritis, rheumatism and infections are all one to the Japanese; at least, the remedy is an ingredient of an insect regarded in other lands as poisonous—the blister-beetle. The condition of hemeralopia, which prevents clear vision except at night or in a dull light, is supposed to be cured by the eating of lamprey, a species of jawless eels.

The Japanese have improved on that old proverb, "A doubtful remedy is better than none," for they apparently believe that there is no such thing as a doubtful remedy. A medical book which might more properly be called a work of fiction, so fantastic are its cures, is "Minkan Ryoho, or Popular Cures." This Japanese book treats fully the subject of Japanese cures which the "Year Book" only touches, and certainly many healing methods described in it are so queer that "exotic" is too mild a word for them. Yet for many Japanese, "Minkan Ryoho" is more than a medical handbook: it is their doctor, nurse, druggist and Bible, all in one.

This book sets forth a belief widely acted upon, that earthworms when placed on the stomach have power to draw fever from the human body. But it is not easy to find worms in Winter-time when fevers are most frequent in Japan, and so the worms are boiled during the Summer. The water in which they are cooked is kept in a jar until it is needed. Then the hopeful patient drinks it down.

The same work says the way to cure a sty or other eye ailment is by lying on one's back and sprinkling salt on one's head. The Japanese literally try to get to the root of the trouble when they suffer from heat or cold by treating their feet. Sunstroke and intense heat are alleviated by rubbing cucumber juice on one's foot-soles, cold shivers by rubbing them with mustard.

Another favorite Japanese method of getting healthy is by sticking pins into oneself. A gold, silver or steel needle is used, according to the owner's wealth, for the more expensive the metal, the more efficient it is supposed to be. About the length of a sewing needle, it is inserted in the flesh and moved slowly in and out. Then it is left there for a few minutes.

This is said to cause no pain except for a little shock as though of electricity, provided that the one who does the sticking is skilful. There are about 300 specified places where the needle may be inserted, according to which disease one happens to have. This gentle sport of making the body a pin-cushion is called "acupuncture."

Should one of these pins or needles get too far in and be difficult to find, one is expected to get a dead mantis bug and rub it over the spot where the missing needle was last seen. The bug is supposed to act like a magnet and bring any metal in the body to the surface.

Another Japanese Method of Getting Healthy, Many of the Girls Believe, Involves the Curious Custom of Sticking Pins Into the Skin. Gold and Silver Needles Also Are Used.

Then there is "moxibustion," in which the skin is scorched by a slow-burning grass. The name of the plant actually means burning grass in Japanese because it has been used in that way for cures since time immemorial. Rolled into a tiny cone, the grass is stuck on the skin or into a wound that has to be cauterized, and is then set afire. In the old Japanese system of medicine, moxa-burning was used for fainting, nose-bleeding, rheumatism, and almost every other ailment that happened to come up.

For instance, should the pains of child-birth be too difficult for a Japanese woman, she is comforted by having three places on the little toe of her right foot burned by the moxa. The moxa was also used to punish children by burning them on the back when they were naughty. As a result, Japanese coolies often can be seen with these life-long scars on their naked backs.

It is said that millions of Japanese undergo the moxa-torture every year; and since the cork-shaped herb compound is monopolized by the moxa priests, these make an enormous profit out of the cure. There are many moxa hospitals, where the people patiently wait in line for their turn to be branded. On the walls hang charts showing the forty-two places of the body which may not be treated by this medicine, according to the tradition handed down by priests from generation to generation. The patient tells where it hurts, the charts are consulted, a spot in the affected area is located where the herb may be attached, and then the flame is kindled.

Born with the help of moxa, the Japanese baby itself becomes a new customer for the "burning salve" at an early age. But until it is strong enough to stand such agony, the parents try to keep diseases from harming it by writing on a wooden tablet that the child is out. This they put where the disease is sure to see it, in the doorway, so that it won't bother going in.

Many of the cures suggested are actually unspeakable among us, and the practice of them is little less than barbarian. The more advanced of Japanese scientists are trying to stamp out such vicious practices and superstitions, but the task is not a simple one, and cannot be accomplished in a hurry. In the meantime, Japanese girls will continue to look sorrowful, as they do in the old prints, with real cause. It isn't so much the ailment that upsets them, as the cure.

Dry Night Club Big Success At College

JESSE GORKIN, editor of the "Daily Iowan," student newspaper of the University of Iowa, sat in his office one afternoon writing his column for the next day. It was no easy job, especially when one had to write an obituary of a best friend, killed the day before in an automobile accident. And it really wasn't the fellow's fault after all, Jesse wrote. Since the University had outlawed night clubs in Iowa City, it was perfectly natural for a fellow to take his girl to a neighboring town to dance and maybe have a few drinks. A fellow had to blow off steam once in a while, especially after a tough session of examinations.

And so it happened that as the couple were hurrying back to the University to meet the deadline of midnight when all students had to be on campus, the young driver pushed the accelerator down to the floor and the car shot forward—into a ditch at a treacherous curve in the road. The driver was instantly killed and his companion was seriously injured. It was all the more tragic since the young couple had hoped to be married after graduation. This accident was not the first of its kind to happen to students of the University, but Jesse Gorkin decided it would be the last.

Next day his editorial was published and the students' indignation was aroused. One thousand of them signed a petition to President Eugene A. Gilmore asking for "a properly supervised night club" in Iowa City. They said that such a night club would keep the students near the campus, thereby protecting them from the menace of drunken drivers on the highways. It would also give them more time to enjoy themselves, for much of their time was spent in traveling to and from out-of-town night clubs at an excessive rate of speed in an effort to beat the midnight deadline.

The students suggested to President Gilmore that they be allowed to run their own night club and, if possible, to set it up right on the campus. They would agree, they said, to have faculty supervision and to turn over any profits to the Bursar of the University to be used for the common good of the students. The President scratched his head doubtfully over the plan and wondered what the trustees would think.

The trustees, however, thought the idea was fine and offered to put up $1,000 if the State Board of Education would approve the project. The board did approve and after a few weeks of frenzied planning and exhaustive re-

Old Professor "Dry-as-Dust" Soon Became Known as "Caper-cutting Cutie," Under the Gay Influence of the Club, Which Is Making Money, Despite the Lack of Liquor.

hearsals the "Silver Shadow" night club opened. It was converted out of the Memorial Union Cafeteria, a student eating-place, owned by the University.

The University Band, which had hitherto swung into action only when Iowa was playing some football rival, had a few "jam sessions" and is now a "swing" band, which the students declare is as hot and rowdy as anything out of Harlem. One learned professor, the students say, who was supposed to have one foot in the grave and the other in some archeological ruin, was invited to the opening night, heard the clarinet "go to town" and cast off his years as a snake does skin. In fact his nickname, "Dry-as-dust," has been affectionately changed by his students to "Caper-cutting Cutie."

One rule was imposed by the University and that was, "No Drinking." No alcoholic beverages are to be served in the "Silver Shadow" and anyone found consuming the "giggle-water" is "bounced" by a tough but law-abiding member of the wrestling squad.

All the entertainment is provided by students and President Gilmore sees the club as a possible training ground for professional entertainment talent.

The high-stepping chorus girls are recruited from the girl's gymnasium and tap-dance classes, and an acrobatic and adagio act is made up of members of the men's tumbling team. The master of ceremonies is Professor Rufus Fitzgerald, a soft-spoken Southerner, who directs student entertainment at the University.

All the performers are paid for their evening's services, although at first many of them could not be persuaded to act before their classmates. Now they are anxious to get on the program and stay on, for the experience they will get in front of a critical audience, made critical by a $1 cover charge.

It is an open secret amongst commercial night-club operators that if is not the cover charge or the expensive dinners which make it possible to provide swing-bands, lavish floor-shows and luxurious surroundings, but the large profit the bar makes on the liquor it serves which keeps the place going.

The "Silver Shadow" is unique in the respect that with an almost professional floor-show and entertainers and no bar it is a financial success without even a boost in the prices of the food it serves.

Hours in its menu run from five cents for a cup of coffee to 25 cents for a large sundae, complete with whipped cream, nuts and a cherry. The highest priced dinner includes a thick, juicy steak with all the trimmings for 65 cents.

In order to break even on expenses the club has to have at least 80 couples each night it is open. So far it has been making money, which goes into the university's coffers and is spent on needy students and academic purposes.

President Gilmore said he was delighted over the way the club had turned out. To him, "It is putting to use not only the student's talent in a business enterprise but is also providing some place open to all students of the university where they may have fun during week-end nights. We hope it will reduce the highway accident toll."

Real Nightingale Solos With The Book On Bird Songs

THE nightingale's music, once heard by a fortunate few, has now been given to the entire world. The male bird's night song can now be carried into the light of day, any day of the week, at will, for the spirited and wild tunes of birds have been trapped in England by a remarkable contraption called a "sound mirror." By means of it, the songs are exactly reproduced on phonograph records. Thus have tireless naturalists with "sound" instincts outdistanced the stiff and flat methods of taxidermy and pictures as "imitations of life."

The recording was done out of doors by a process which was complicated, for in the words of the great early naturalist, Audubon, "nought that's alive is easy to copy." It was easier to kill, and that is one reason why copying bird songs is important now: many species are almost extinct as a result of society's inhumanity to these defenceless creatures with inspired voices. As another British naturalist, W. H. Hudson, who helped abolish the craze for bird feathers in women's hats, once wrote, there exists in Great Britain a small body of wealthy law-breakers who persecute and make scarce those rare species which the law protects only in theory.

But now the richest and most elusive essence of the bird is plucked from it without pain, and it is no poorer for the theft of its song. But nightingales richer for music-boxes will pour out these captured songs long after their singers are extinct. Not only the nightingale, but other rare and gifted birds have had their songs so reproduced. This first London work to be published with sound illustrations of the text is titled "Songs of Wild Birds," with two double-faced discs running 12 minutes.

The records include the willow-wren song, the dove-call and the cuckoo's "wandering voice." The chaffinch, often caged for its accomplished voice, is included as well as the English blackbird, more melodious than any of the American blackbirds. Even the ruinous drumming of the spotted woodpecker is given.

Special microphones were used to pick up faint songs from birds at a distance, and for this purpose magnifying reflectors were used. One of the remarkable features of these portable sound-snares is the fact that they can be focussed to select a single sound and tone down incidental nature noises. The recordings are expected to be of value in telling closely related bird species apart, and in tracking down the development of some species from others. So sensitized are the instruments that even the sounds of insects will be "put on the record" for addition to the new sound library of nature study.

The difficulty of comparing bird songs of different continents is solved by these records. The truth is that experiments at recording bird-songs have been going on for some time not only in England, but in France, Germany and the United States. The apparatus which is said first to have successfully recorded bird melodies was in fact devised several years ago under the direction of Albert R. Brand, Associate in Ornithology at the American Museum of Natural History.

The British book carries an account of the recorded birds by Edward Max Nicholson, the English ornithologist, who in an earlier book, "The Art of Bird-Watching," described how the rather secretive bird hunting groups of England take down songs in shorthand. Although that book is only six years old, not once is the recording of birds mentioned. Because of this new scientific triumph, songs can enliven the home without the need of cage birds—instead of seeds there are needles.

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Ethel Tolley's Latest Exploit

When the Connecticut Police Insisted on Providing a Free Room for the Night for the Lively Former "Follies" Beauty She Declined Their Hospitality, But After a Strip Tease Exhibition Went to Sleep in the Station House "in the Raw"

This Is Ethel in the Costume She Wanted to Be Married In If Other Matters Had Not Intervened. She Would Have Been the First Bride to Have Chosen "Shorts" for a Wedding Dress.

Police Headquarters at Darien, Connecticut, Where Ethel Atwell Tolley Spent the Night "in the Raw" After Being Held for Drunken Driving.

Snapshot of Ethel as She Left the Westport, Connecticut, Town Hall, Where the Judge Ordered Her to Stay Out of Town or Go to Jail for Sixty Days.

Ethel and Her Pet Little Goat.

At the Darien, Connecticut, Police Station One of the Coppers Recognized Their Lively Prisoner and Whispered to the Sergeant on Duty at the Desk:

"She'll do anything. She's that holy terror they chased out of Westport."

"Stop it!" Commanded Sergeant Standing, as Ethel Pulled Her Blouse Over Her Head, Ripped Off Her Skirt and Deftly Kicked Her Two Slippers Over the Desk at His Head.

ETHEL SMITH ATWELL TOLLEY, former "Follies" beauty, tore off all her clothes and threw herself down in the police station at Darien, Connecticut, the other day. It was a sort of combination strip-tease act and lie-down strike which she thought would surely make the police let her go. But the cops proved to be so hard-boiled that before releasing "Tolley the tease" they forced her to sober up, put up $350 bail and put on all her clothes.

Ethel's life is so sad. After a few drinks she sometimes has difficulty in seeing the difference between right and wrong which caused her to be banished by order of the court from the neighboring town of Westport. This time, however, she got into her trouble because she was unable to tell the difference between right and left while driving through Darien at 1 A. M. on May 13.

Mr. Joseph Annase, of Norwalk, was on his way out from New York with a clear conscience and a truckload of fruit. Up to that time he had always hoped to meet a "Follies" girl but he doesn't want to any more. Passing through the centre of Darien he saw what is commonly called a small pleasure car approaching, slightly on the wrong side of the middle of the Post Road. Joe blew his horn but the little car blew back at him and, to his dismay, turned all the way over to his side of the road. All Mr. Annase could do was slam on his brakes and shut his eyes as the crash came. He had met a "Follies" girl, head on.

As he was trying to pull Ethel out of the wreckage of her car, Policemen Harold Curtiss and Edward Brencher arrived, having followed a trail of profanity to the scene.

"I'm afraid she's dying," said Joe, but the cops thought to themselves that at least her lungs were undamaged. So did most everything else prove to be when they got her out, except her disposition. What she said to Joe about being on the wrong side of the street and trying to kill her, shocked him into speechlessness. But, it did not matter because the police asked Ethel how she accounted for both cars being as far over as possible on Joe's right side of the road. When that lady swore that it was the right side of the road, they took her and Joe to headquarters.

There she was declared intoxicated but, since Ethel did not concur, they routed Dr. Frank Mann out of bed to apply the latest scientific "sousetesta." Dr. Mann confirmed the majority opinion and went home to sleep but there was no peace for the police.

When Ethel saw them release Joe and learned that they were holding her on a charge of driving while intoxicated, she showed her disapproval in a way that made Sergeant Frank Standing remark:

"Now I know what they mean by a raving beauty."

In a voice that penetrated far down the street and began to collect a crowd, even at that hour, she cautioned the police that they had better let her go, if they knew what was best for them. Sergeant Standing tried tact, assuring her that they would gladly do so, if she would put up $350 bail, required by law in such cases. This only poured oil on the fires of her wrath.

"Blackmailers! Kidnapers!" she is said to have yelled at them. She carried no money with her and wouldn't give them a cent if she had it. Then she went into a profane opinion of a doctor who instead of helping a girl out of trouble, said she was drunk.

Her voice grew louder and shriller and she shouted:

"Drunk am I! I'll teach you dumbhead cops something."

"She's likely to do anything," whispered one of the policemen. "She's that holy terror they chased out of Westport."

"Stop it!" commanded Sergeant Standing, as Ethel pulled her blouse over her head, ripped off her skirt and deftly kicked her two slippers over the desk at his head.

Before Ethel had quite accomplished her purpose came the providential arrival of the matron which changed the entire social situation. Now it was woman versus woman, with all the chivalry business out. In another moment Ethel found herself in the detention room with the matron who calmly remarked:

"Here are your clothes. Don't you want to be nice and put them on?"

"No!" snapped Ethel. "I am going to sleep and I always sleep in the raw."

"Suit yourself," agreed the matron. "Take off your skin and sleep in your bones, if you like. Nobody will see you but me and I'm not interested."

The unappreciated young woman threw herself on a couch, nude, and went to sleep, after which the matron gently placed a blanket over her, not to shock Ethel's immodesty but so she would not catch cold.

A few hours later the prisoner awoke with a headache and in a penitent mood. After comparing her own recollections with those of the matron, she asked permission to telephone one of her friends.

"You may," said the matron, "but the telephone is outside and if you go out where the men are, you must first put on your clothes, all of them."

Meekly, Ethel agreed and persuaded a couple of friends to bring the cash needed to assure her appearance for trial a week later, before the Darien Town Court. Less than a year ago Ethel had been exiled from Westport, as a sort of public nuisance number one and the stigma of being the only "Follies" girl who could not visit any town in the United States without being arrested on sight, had begun to annoy her. Also she yearned to get back among her friends in the town's Bohemian colony.

Therefore, she had written a respectful letter to Judge Frank McMahon of the Westport Town Court, who had issued the edict of banishment, asking permission to talk to him in his court without being arrested going or coming. This was granted and Mrs. Tolley appeared before him, sober as the judge himself, clothed and in her right mind and so modestly dressed that she was even without her usual tinted finger-nails.

The exile promised the judge she would be such a good girl that butter would not melt in her mouth and she would never, never do anything again to upset the town. But the judge had gotten such favorable results by his firmness in the wild-eyed "art" colony and received so many grateful letters from the respectable element on account of that banishment that he dared not weaken. He informed the pleader that the only way she could become a resident of Westport again was first to serve that 60-day suspended sentence. Then she could live there unmolested as long as she obeyed the laws.

That made Ethel very sorry for herself and with tears of disappointment she drove away from the court house. She was further pained when, just as she was about to turn off to collect sympathy from her friends in the "colony" a police car ranged alongside and a voice advised her to keep right on going. She did, as far as Norwalk, where she wept over the telephone to her Bohemian chums and they wept back. Since she could not visit them, they came over and gave her a sympathy party at a Norwalk hotel.

The party broke up about 3:30 in the morning and Ethel, full of self-pity and cocktails, started to drive to New York City. She managed to get as far as Darien, where she met Joe, who introduced her to the Darien police who introduced her to their own local judge, all undesirable contacts which she regrets.

Ethel's Westport trouble came from trying to get married which everyone had told her was the right ambition for every woman. True, she had been married before to Roy Atwell, the stuttering comedian, and divorced with a lot of trouble. It is so hard for a poor girl to know what is the right thing. This time she wanted to marry Cyril Tolley, an English golf professional and nobody pretended that there was any legal reason why she shouldn't.

This was a great occasion and nobody denies that it is right for a bride to dress up for her wedding but Ethel's idea of dressing up was quite a novel one. She would grace such a memorable event by going entirely undressed, if she did not know that most of the world is not yet sufficiently "advanced" to tolerate it. However, she thought it would be a great event if she just wore a pair of shorts, a pair of tennis shoes, a white sweater and a bandanna. The Village Inn, at Norwalk, agreed that it would be swell if the ceremony were performed or "pulled" as she called it, in their front window.

The guests had assembled for some time and become quite merry when the bride arrived, waving a slip of paper which everyone thought was a marriage certificate until she explained that it was a doctor's certificate stating that she was too nervous to marry anyone just then. Cyril was rather disappointed but the engagement was not broken and the party went on. After a few drinks, Ethel's nerves improved and she was ready to be married but they found that in Connecticut one cannot do this the same day the license is taken out. So nothing happened except that Westport received a lot of ridicule in the papers.

Days passed but Ethel, though she had gotten her license forgot to use it. When both were ready, she remembered that during a lucid interval she had mailed it back to be cancelled—more publicity for Westport. This went on for a week or so, finally climaxing when the groom and the uncertain bride took along their friend George "Cactus" Moore to help them think the matter out. George won that name by posing as a cowboy for artists who usually paint in a cactus for atmosphere.

After about the sixth drink Cactus had an inspiration. Ethel ought to marry him instead of Cyril. This caused an argument with Cyril, ending about 4 a. m. in Ethel's room at the Sherwood Ray Inn, in Westport where somebody punched somebody and Cactus tried to commit suicide by slashing his wrists. The doctor summoned to "save" him found he had only scratched himself and called the police. This was what got them all into court.

However, it did sharpen their wits into a more intelligent attempt to achieve matrimony, the next night. They drove into New York State where at that time it was possible to have the license and the ceremony all in a few minutes. They tried the two well-known all-night-service Gretna Greens, Armonk and Harrison, but both places turned them down because the bride turned up in shorts. Next day she wore a skirt and they were married.

When the case came up Judge McMahon sentenced the bride to 60 days in jail for disorderly conduct but suspended it, provided she would get out of Westport and never come back. After all her trouble in marrying Tolley, they were soon separated and Ethel, the other day, announced that she would divorce him as soon as she found time.

When Ethel demurely lined herself up in front of the judge in Darien a week later she was penitent, admitted she had had too many cocktails, and was sentenced to a $100 fine and the loss of her driver's license.

The Connecticut police are trying to guess when, where and why Ethel is likely to fall into their hands next.

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Only 22 BUT "ON THE SHELF"

BECAUSE OF "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

I'LL BET YOU'D HAVE PLENTY OF DATES, IF YOU'D JUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR SKIN! WHY DON'T YOU SEE THAT BEUTY EXPERT EVERYONE IS RAVING ABOUT?

SHE CONSULTS FAMOUS BEAUTY EXPERT, PAUL OF FIFTH AVENUE
YOUR COMPLEXION HAS THE SYMPTOMS OF WHAT I CALL "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! IT'S DRY AND LIFELESS, AND COARSE-TEXTURED. I SUGGEST THAT YOU CHANGE YOUR SOAP ···USE ONLY PALMOLIVE, BECAUSE···

PAUL EXPLAINS WHY PALMOLIVE CORRECTS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

"Palmolive is made with Olive Oil, a real beauty aid. And Olive Oil makes Palmolive's lather gentler, more soothing . . . gives it a *special protective quality* all its own. Thus Palmolive does more than just cleanse. It protects your skin against the loss of those precious natural oils which feed and nourish it . . . That's why Palmolive keeps your complexion soft, smooth and young!"

Paul of Fifth Ave

WHY PALMOLIVE, MADE WITH GENTLE OLIVE OIL, MAKES YOUR COMPLEXION SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG AGAIN!

Is your complexion beginning to look the least bit dry, dull, slightly coarse-looking? These are the first signs of "Middle-Age" Skin--the heart-breaking condition which adds years to even a young girl's appearance.

Thousands of beauty experts advise the regular daily use of Palmolive Soap because Palmolive is made with a priceless beauty aid--Olive Oil. That's why its lather is really different--rich, soothing, penetrating. Palmolive gently cleanses the pores of dirt and cosmetics, and at the same time, softens, freshens and stimulates the skin--helping to restore attractive, natural color.

Palmolive, the pure beauty soap made with soothing Olive and Palm Oils, was chosen by Dr. Dafoe for exclusive use on the tender skin of the famous little Dionne Quintuplets.

Why not start right away to give *your* skin the beauty benefits of Palmolive. See how Palmolive's gentle, soothing, *different* lather helps to make your complexion lovelier, *younger-looking!*

Free DIONNE QUIN CUT-OUT BOOK FOR CHILDREN

Book contains cut-outs of all five Quins . . . 5 complete sets of dresses, 2 sets of coats and hats . . . sleeping suits, shoes, dolls, toys . . . 65 cut-outs in all. Beautiful picture of the Quins on front cover . . . ideal for framing.

Just send 5 Palmolive Soap bands to Palmolive, Dept. N-138, Jersey City, New Jersey.

(Offer good in U. S. A. only and expires July 15, 1937.)

MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP COMPLEXIONS YOUNG AND LOVELY

New Discoveries in the Oldest City in the World

Archeologists Find at Last the First Layer of Ruined Dwellings in the Holy Land's Strange Mound of Tepe Gawra Where Twenty-two Separate Cities Were Piled One on Top of the Other

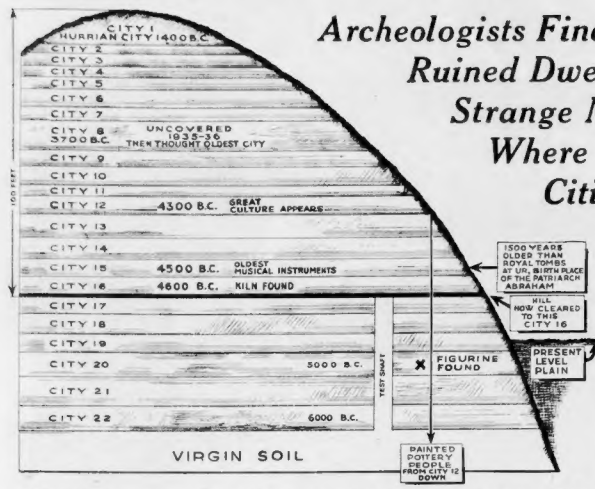
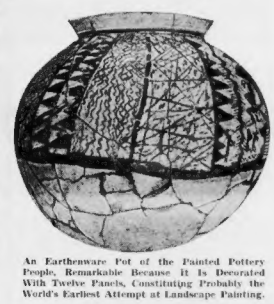


Diagram of the Mound of Tepe Gawra, Showing How the 22 Cities Were Built One on Top of the Other, Raising Through Thousands of Years a Cone-Shaped Hill.

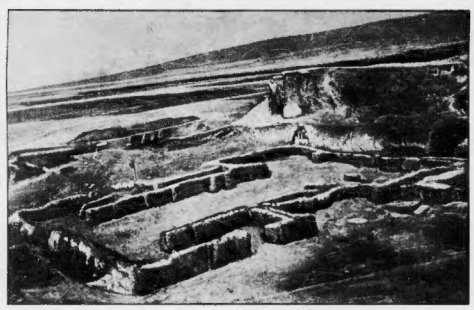
A Detail of the Earthenware Pot Showing What the Archeologists Believe Was Meant to Represent the Euphrates River, Mountains Bordering It and Hunters Stalking Antelope Along Its Bank.

The Mother Goddess of the "Painted Pottery People;" Painted Terracotta Figurine About Two Feet High Which Was Discovered Underneath the Sixteenth City.

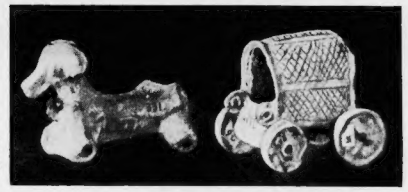


An Earthenware Pot of the Painted Pottery People, Remarkable Because It Is Decorated With Twelve Panels, Constituting Probably the World's Earliest Attempt at Landscape Painting.

A Shepherd's Pipe Dug Up With Others in City Fifteen of Tepe Gawra; the Oldest Known Musical Instrument. The Pipe Shown Was Found Among the Hand Bones of a Child in a 6,000-Year-Old Grave, Probably His Beloved Instrument.



Part of City Thirteen Before It Was Peeled Away; the Photograph Shows the Foundation of One of the Temples; Nine Cities Were Taken Off It Before It Was Revealed.



A Child's Toy, Made of Terracotta, With Wheels that Moved. The Oldest Known Toy of Its Kind and Found in City Fifteen of Tepe Gawra.

THE works of early man, and the story of his life in Mesopotamia, the cradle of humanity, has now definitely been followed back eight thousand years, long before Biblical times, reports Dr. E. A. Speiser, of the University of Pennsylvania.

From time to time in the last ten years the world has been astonished by Dr. Speiser's archaeological finds at Tepe Gawra, a great artificial mound about ten miles from the modern city of Mosul, which in turn is about that far from the ruins of the Biblical city of Nineveh. City after city built upon the ruins of earlier cities have been found on the mound at Tepe Gawra, but at last Dr. Speiser has been able to sink a test shaft which has gone down into virgin soil. Thus he has discovered the first city, and has been able to date it at 6000 B. C. This last one gives a total of 22 cities piled one on the other like cards in a deck.

Dr. Speiser is now able to say definitely that 8000 years ago a prehistoric people wandering on the plains of Mesopotamia came upon the mound. Then and there this people built a city; and for forty-six hundred years after that early date, people after people, built city after city, each rising upon the ruins of the city going before. As city was built on city the mound became higher and higher, but the area less and less, as the sides approached its apex.

Finally, in the 14th Century B.C., a people whom ethnologists call Hurrians, built the last and twenty-second city on the site. By this time the area at the top was only 150 feet in diameter. When the Hurrian city fell, no other people built upon the peak. There was no room. And thus theirs was the final city.

In the Bible, the Hurrians are called both Horim and Horites. The first mention of them is in Genesis 36:20—"And these are the sons of Seir, the Horite, who inhabited the land."

They appear to have been a kind of cave-dweller and were the aboriginal inhabitants of Mount Seir, in southwestern Palestine. The holy Mt. Hor perpetuates their name. Their excavated dwellings are still found by hundreds in the sandstone cliffs of ancient Edom, but especially in and about the mysterious stone city of Petra, which one poet has described as "the rose-red city half as old as time."

It is probably to the Hurrians or Horites that verses found in Job refer as those who "dwell in the cliffs of the valleys, in caves of rock, and in the rocks.

"Among the bushes they brayed; under the nettles they were gathered together."

And in Deuteronomy, Ch. 2, v. 12, it is written: "The Horim also dwelt in Seir before time, but the Children of Esau succeeded them, when they had destroyed them from before them, and dwelt in their stead."

It was in 1927 that Dr. Speiser discovered the archeological wealth of this ancient mound. For ten years he has been excavating city after city, studying and removing one after the other—like turning the pages of a huge book. Here was history at its best since each city had been built upon the ruins of the city before it.

The cities had been built principally of mud bricks. When one was overrun and conquered by enemies or abandoned for some other reason, in time it crumbled. Then along would come another people, see the mound, and build another city atop the ruins. The mound part was always the Acropolis, or religious, royal and official part—like the Acropolis at Athens, Greece. The common people's dwellings sprawled about it on the surrounding plain, and have all been wiped away. And that is why so many treasures have been discovered in this mound, since it was always the best part of whatever city was built around it.

In the season of 1935-36, Dr. Speiser's expedition uncovered City No. 8. This flourished around 3700 B. C. It was as perfectly planned as any modern one, and it was thought that going deeper from this point would reveal only more and more primitive peoples. But Cities No. 9 and No. 10 showed the same culture as No. 8, and it was not until City No. 11 was reached that evidence of a cruder civilization appeared. It was as though some much more advanced tribe had conquered a backward people who had occupied the site.

This was surprising enough, but the greatest surprise of all came with the season's work from which the archeologists have just returned. Excavating City No. 12, the explorers suddenly came across the remains of an astonishing culture. It was almost like the Renaissance which followed the Dark Ages in more recent times.

The date of this city has been fixed as about 4300 B. C., and Dr. Speiser has stated that the thrill and surprise experienced were so unexpected that, for a time, the scientists were stunned. Their finds may be compared in archeological importance to the finds at the Royal Tombs of Ur, the city where the Patriarch Abraham was born, although those at Ur are some 1500 years nearer the present age. In fact, this discovery takes the science of archeology back before Ur for a period almost equal to that of the whole Christian era.

"It must be remembered," Dr. Speiser said, "that our previous expeditions already had dug down through twelve other cities at Tepe Gawra which took us successively through the earliest historical periods, including the beginning of writing and metallurgy.

"With the knowledge that the 13th city was bringing us to the very heart of 5000 B. C., we had little expectation of finding anything more than the remains of a primitive culture, skilled possibly in the making of pottery, but with only a crude knowledge of building and with a correspondingly simple communal organization.

"Imagine our surprise when, at this 13th level, dating about 4300 B. C., we began to uncover brick by brick a splendidly designed Acropolis consisting of three temples, each of which had been an architectural gem in itself.

"It was not enough that we had here the oldest known group of temples and the earliest example of successful and harmonious site planning ever found in the world. These temples would have been considered remarkable had they been built thousands of years later.

"They were painted red on the inside and plastered white on the outside, and their walls were subdivided with piers and pilasters such as one might expect to find in structures of the middle ages, but certainly not in buildings erected at a time when civilization had hardly begun."

Dr. Speiser remarks that the material culture of the period was in keeping with the architectural advance. The pottery showed graceful lines, splendidly painted designs and exquisite balance between shape and decoration.

There was "modernism" in this art of more than 6000 years ago, Dr. Speiser points out. The artists who painted the pottery were not slaves to any school or tradition. While an artist would repeat a design a few times, he would suddenly rebel and produce something fresh, "bold in conception and executed with vigorous, daring strokes."

Speaking of this "modernism" of six thousand years ago, Dr. Speiser says:

"Thus the artist who painted pottery in that period was a thorough individualist, like his colleagues in the other arts, and it is that thorough 'modernism,' found in cities 12 and 13 at Tepe Gawra, which enables those settlements of a remote prehistoric era to span the distance of more than 6000 years, and without benefit of writing, to reach the present with a message of youthful spirit and appealing beauty."

Exactly who these builders were remains unknown, so they have been named the "Painted Pottery People."

In city 15, dating back to about 4500 B. C., Dr. Speiser found the oldest musical instruments known—shepherds' playing pipes made of bone.

One of the best-preserved of these pipes, or flutes, was found in the grave of a child among the bones of its hand, and must have been clutched in that tiny hand when the little music lover was interred 6000 years ago, 1500 years before the harps discovered in the royal tombs of Ur were buried.

During the present season's work at Tepe Gawra was also found the earliest example of landscape painting. Fragments were unearthed of a large pottery vase, and when these pieces were assembled it was seen that the decorations consisted of twelve painted panels. Two of these panels featured the two great rivers known to these people, the Tigris and the Euphrates—and in the one of the Euphrates an attempt was made to show the ancient hunters with their dogs that stalked the wild animals which followed the fertile valleys of the rivers. The configuration of the river and the mountains, which are shown as sharp triangles make the identification of the stream as the Euphrates most probable.

In city 16, going back to 4600 B. C., Dr. Speiser was delighted to find the secret of the peculiar porcelain-like finish of the pottery. Finally he uncovered a building with a circular shaft seven feet deep, leading to a series of underground chambers, and when these chambers were investigated the secret of the unusual pottery was solved. These chambers were closed pottery kilns, and the shaft made possible indirect firing with perfectly controlled temperatures. Thus, the "Painted Pottery People" must be credited with another invention—the construction of the earliest closed kilns which have thus far been found anywhere.

Thousands of beads were also found, some of the earliest "dated" gold; that is, gold beads the age of which has been accurately ascertained, and other beads of lapis lazuli; beautifully cut seals, implements of various kinds, and the finest collection of prehistoric painted pottery ever obtained.

Part of all the material found will be retained in Iraq as property of the government, and the remainder will eventually come to this country to be part of the permanent collection of the University Museum of the University of Pennsylvania.

Speaking of his discoveries, Dr. Speiser said:

"Wherever they rest, however, the finds will always have historical significance that cannot be overestimated, for through their discovery at least 500 years marking the earliest progress of settled mankind have been brilliantly and most unexpectedly illuminated."

With sixteen levels, dating back to 4600 B. C., cleared and studied, Dr. Speiser found himself able to sink a test shaft through the remaining levels down to virgin soil; that is, down to the very soil upon which the original settlers of Tepe Gawra planted the first city on the site 8000 years ago. And after ten years of labor the end is now in sight, for there remain only six more levels to be excavated to arrive at the very beginning of it all. With keen anticipation the archeologists await next season, when they will go back even deeper into the past.

The work of the future here holds greater promise, for in the digging of the test shaft a painted terra-cotta figurine, showing the Mother Goddess of these Painted Pottery people was found, a figurine dating back at least 7000 years. If a test shaft, due to find virgin soil, yielded something as important as this, it is reasoned that the study of the remaining cities will provide other surprises.

Prehistoric man in Mesopotamia was an ancestor of whom modern man may well be proud. He was not a primitive cave dweller, but a highly cultured individual, who had art, architecture and music.

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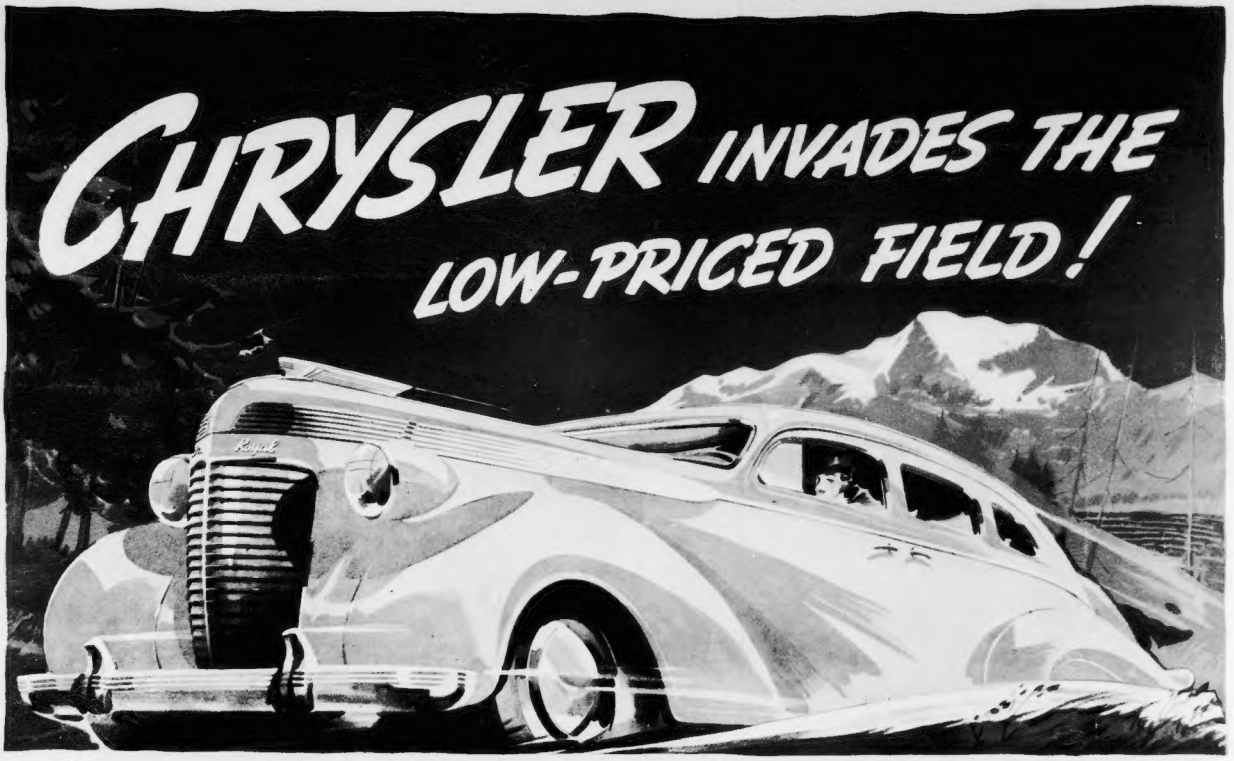
CHRYSLER INVADES THE LOW-PRICED FIELD!



. . . AND AMERICA GOES CHRYSLER!

• "In today's traffic, Chrysler's all-steel body and hydraulic brakes certainly contribute a feeling of confidence and security. My new Royal is exceptionally quiet, and the car seems to glide over rough roads without a sound or jar. Despite its great size and roominess, I get 18 miles to the gallon and better in average driving."

MISS HELEN CALKINS
PITTSBURGH, PA.

• "Being a salesman, I drive 30,000 miles a year, covering Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. My new Royal is my fifth Chrysler . . . the best of them all. The hydraulic brakes are finer than ever . . . the extra room is an added pleasure . . . and the economy is amazing. On my last trip, I averaged 21 miles per gallon."

W. G. MAGNUSON
CHICAGO, ILL.

• "Having owned six Chryslers, I can speak with authority about their reliability and long life. My new Royal shows typical Chrysler engineering progress in its greater roominess, even finer riding qualities, and its remarkable steadiness and sureness on the road. I find that I get about 18 miles per gallon on all sorts of driving."

ERNEST J. HAY
DETROIT, MICH.

• "The style counsel of Lady Mendl is certainly apparent in the new Chrysler Royal. There is something about its sleek, dashing lines that makes it distinguished in any company. It is a delightful car to drive . . . capable and powerful . . . yet so easy to handle. It rides beautifully . . . and the body is remarkably free from noises."

MRS. M. L. CLOPTON
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

• "My business is building, and I picked the Chrysler Royal as a smart modern car in which to call on my customers. With the marvelous automatic overdrive and the new Gold Seal engine, I get from 18 to 20 miles per gallon day after day. The great roominess, both inside the car and in the luggage compartment, is a fine feature."

W. E. RAVEN
VALHALLA, N. Y.

WIDER, MORE COMFORTABLE CHAIR-HIGH SEATS . . . EXTRA INCHES EVERYWHERE!

Imagine a low-priced car that measures 50½ inches from windshield to rear window! A low-priced car with a rear seat 48½ inches wide. World's of head room, leg room and elbow room. Chair-high seats that let you sit in natural comfort instead of "riding" on the back of your neck. No wonder so many Royal owners talk about comfort.

• "There is refreshing individuality in the styling of the beautiful new Chrysler Royal. It is responsive and powerful . . . and with all its extra room and size, it is the easiest handling car I have ever driven. I am particularly impressed also with its delightful riding comfort and the lasting quietness of its all-steel body."

LOUISE M. WILLIAMS
MT. LEBANON, PA.

EASY TO BUY . . . LOW CONVENIENT TIME PAYMENTS ON OFFICIAL COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY PLAN

TUNE IN ON MAJOR BOWES, COLUMBIA NETWORK, EVERY THURSDAY, 9 TO 10:00 P. M., EASTERN DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME

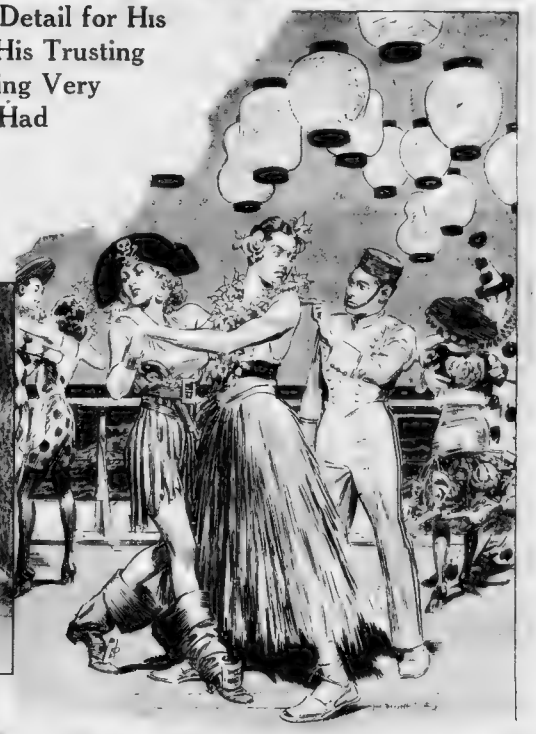
EASTMAN '11

Left Clues Even a Blindman Could Follow

How Young Mr. Watson Carefully Planned Every Detail for His "Perfect Crime," Then Robbed His Trusting Aunt and Disappeared, Feeling Very Happy About How He Had Fooled the Police— But the Detectives Soon Trailed Him

Elmer Watson, Who Thought Changing His Name to "James P. Bradley, Jr." Would Leave His True Identity Buried Behind Him Forever

On One of the Remote Islands of the Hawaiian Group Where Living Is Cheap and the Women Are Attractive and Amiable, Watson Planned to Live in Hiding Until the Bewildered Police Would Give Up Trying to Find Him



It Was a Glorious, Tropical, Moonlight Night and on the Ship They Were Having a Costume Dance, as the Vessel Glided Southward Along the Coast of Mexico Bound from New York Through the Canal to Los Angeles. Young Watson, in the Grass Costume of a Hawaiian Hula Girl, Was Dancing with the Girl Who Sat Next to Him at Table. Gently a Page Touched the Unsuspecting Thief on the Arm and Whispered

"The Captain would like to see you." Incredible Though It Seemed, Watson Knew in a Flash That the Detectives Had Trailed Him and His Happy Air Castles Had Crumbled

The Old Fashioned Dutch Colonial Mansion That Mrs. Blous Purchased Here in Bucks County, Pa., Persuaded Her to Buy It

Mrs. Martha Blous, Watson's Trusting Aunt, Who Was Robbed of Nearly a Quarter of a Million in Hundred Dollar and Thousand Dollar Bills by Her Faithless Nephew

H

[illegible] Mrs. Martha Blous [illegible] of her old fashioned [illegible] Bucks County [illegible] the home [illegible] Mrs. Blous [illegible] attorneys who [illegible] Watson [illegible] Mrs. Blous [illegible] Federal [illegible] Bureau [illegible] Watson [illegible] Mrs. Blous [illegible] Mrs. Blous [illegible] Mrs. Blous

Here's how I keep cool!

SAYS

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

Star of
"WEE WILLIE WINKIE"
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

IMAGINE looking as cool as Shirley does while skipping rope. Refreshing double fruit Puffed Wheat breakfasts help to keep her energy up and her temperature down.

ON HOT DAYS Shirley often goes to a swimming pool. The water's so cool. And learning to swim gives Shirley a marvelous appetite for her Quaker Puffed Wheat with fruit juice and fruit.

FLOWERS CAN make a house look cooler. So Shirley often picks a great big bunch of them for the breakfast table.

TRY SHIRLEY'S *Refreshing* "DOUBLE FRUIT" BREAKFASTS

For a cool, delicious Summer breakfast or lunch, you can't beat Quaker Puffed Wheat with fruit juice and fresh fruit. It gives you lots of food energy without being heavy or heating. Try Shirley's double fruit, Puffed Wheat breakfasts and see how much more full of life you feel

LOOK FOR THIS DISPLAY *at your Grocers*

KEEP YOUR ENERGY UP *and* YOUR TEMPERATURE DOWN!

Like a Murder Plot of the Dark Ages

Mr. Lewis, Wealthy New York Clubman, Files an Extraordinary List of Charges Against His Wife After Being Freed From a Private Asylum Where He Says She Had Him Locked Up So She Could Strip Him of His Fortune

Mr. Herbert D. Lewis, Wealthy New York Clubman, Who Says He Managed to Escape From His Wife's Foes and Get to His Lawyer to Defend What He Claims Were Machinations Against His Fortune and His Life

Misery and Despair of a Sane Patient Who Had Been Seized by Relatives, Who Wanted to Get His Money, and Locked Up in a British Private Asylum Where There Was Little Hope of Ever Gaining His Freedom

Mrs. Herbert D. Lewis, Who Is Accused by Her Husband of an Almost Incredible Series of Schemes to Get Hold of His Fortune, All of Which She Denies

P

[illegible] Beatrice P. Lewis and the happy couple [illegible] Charles [illegible] Said Cast [illegible] Parish, public and Parisian [illegible] the denunciation [illegible] Mrs. Lewis, who has [illegible] suppressed [illegible] from being [illegible]

[illegible] Mrs. Lewis was at [illegible] Manila Good [illegible] sensationalist in a [illegible] She was known to the [illegible] and also made such [illegible] Lewis that eleven [illegible] November, 1929 when [illegible] death while dining with [illegible] the roof of the Park [illegible] Hotel in New York, he returned [illegible] her. She was employed as a [illegible] he thought she was still [illegible] as she had been many [illegible] before.

[illegible] Lewis' life with Pearl had not [illegible] kind to Lewis. He had been divorced [illegible] first wife, Dorothy Hoe, [illegible] daughter, Doris, was living with her mother. Besides Mrs. Lewis' domestic troubles, in 1919 he had suffered a paralytic stroke, his right side from [illegible] became crippled and he had difficulty in speaking. Occasionally the pain was so intense that he did a good deal of drinking and had to go to a sanitarium.

Meeting Pearl again seemed to act as a tonic. He took a new interest in life and paid her such constant attention that a few months later, on January 14th, 1930, they went down to City Hall with a few friends and got married.

When Pearl answered the questions on the marriage license application she revealed that she, too, had had her share of domestic difficulties. In 1914 when very young she had married a John E. Blanke, of St. Louis, Mo., and had a son, L. Carl Blanke. She had commenced an action for a divorce from Blanke in 1916, and in 1918 married Sherwood F. Smith at Augusta, Ga. They were allegedly divorced in West Virginia in 1921.

But these domestic troubles were forgotten when Pearl became Mrs. Beatrice P. Lewis and the happy couple [illegible] on the honeymoon which Herbert had arranged before her [illegible]

[illegible] Mrs. Lewis [illegible] Mr. Lewis [illegible] the court. I have [illegible] deeply affected [illegible] of [illegible] so [illegible] wrongs [illegible] which [illegible] Lewis [illegible] Pearl with [illegible] the morning she [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

CLIMBING COSTS SQUARELY SMACKED BY GOODYEAR'S NEW SURPRISE TIRE "R-1"

Sensational Move by World's Leading Tire-Maker Tosses Bombshell into the Field of Bedrock-Priced High Quality as Millions Cheer

IT'S MONEY IN THE POCKETS of millions of drivers who want tires of the leading make, and nation-wide reputation, at the price they're used to paying!

GOOD NEWS

...Goodyear comes through with the Right Tire at the Right Price at the Right Time . . . to give you First-Class Travel at Reduced Rates!

SEE THAT "BEEF"—12% more rubber in the "R-1" tread; better wear, more mileage!

SURE-FOOTED! See that flatter, wider tread? More road-contact and traction!

BLOWOUT PROTECTION MAXIMUM! Exclusive, patented Supertwist Cord in every "R-1" ply!

EVERYWHERE you've been seeing the same story—rising costs on every hand—labor, materials and production costs all zooming—

But Goodyear, greatest of the world's rubber companies, has been battling that problem—and *today has licked it for you!*

Leaders Have to Lead!

Months ago our engineering and development staffs went to work on it—with the finest facilities, resources and experience in the tire industry. They gave it everything they have—pitting brains and ingenuity and science against climbing costs.

And they certainly came through—with one of the greatest tire values in history: a big, tough, rugged tire that's jam-packed with safe mileage—a new high in value at the price you're used to paying!

THIS PICTURE SHOWS THE GOODYEAR PRICE LINE-UP TODAY

That's the great, new Goodyear "surprise tire"—the "R-1"! Another brilliant job that shows you why Goodyear leads the field.

What a Tire Value it is!

You sure get full benefit of Goodyear leadership in this good-looking, new "husky" of a tire! As its foundation we took the principles of long, economical wear developed in building more than 23,000,000 Pathfinders.

Then we applied the knowledge of sure traction, safety and super-mileage learned in building the most popular of *all* tires: the famed "G-3" All-Weather!

And one look at the great new "R-1" tells you it's there—with the stuff champions are made of.

You'll find real "beef" to deliver more mileage—12% more rubber in that burly bulk of tread. It's flatter and wider—for more road contact and traction. Shoulders higher and broader, to hold truer on the curves.

There's *every one* of the great, proved, top-value Goodyear features. Center traction—the Goodyear Margin of Safety. Wider riding-ribs—for easier steering and slow, equalized wear. With patented Supertwist Cord in every ply—for maximum blowout protection.

It's one of the sweetest tire-building jobs ever done by the greatest tire-building organization in the world: handsome . . . value-packed . . . at a price that makes *tire thrift* mean something new.

Go see this sensational new "R-1"—in your car's size—at your nearby Goodyear dealer's or Goodyear Service Store. You'll see plenty—and you'll like what you see!

HERE'S WHY THE

"R-1"

IS SENSATIONAL VALUE!

Look at these [illegible] features which Goodyear's unexcelled experience and [illegible] making facilities [illegible] possible at [illegible] low price

FLATTER, WIDER TREAD

12% MORE RUBBER IN TREAD

HIGHER, BROADER SHOULDERS

CENTER TRACTION

SUPERTWIST CORD IN EVERY PLY

HANDSOME, STREAMLINED SIDEWALLS

Remember

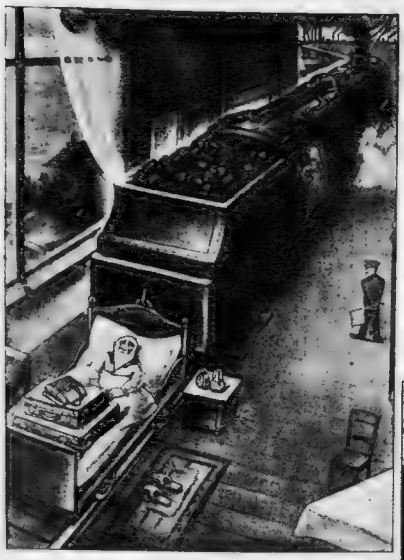
THE CHEAPEST THING ON YOUR CAR IS THE BEST TIRES YOU CAN BUY!

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

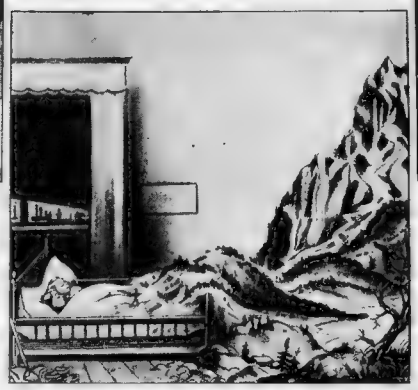
Vacation Dreams

Nightmares and Delightful Surprises Pictured by an Artist as the Dream-Life of Men and Women Looking Forward to That Precious Two-Weeks Outing



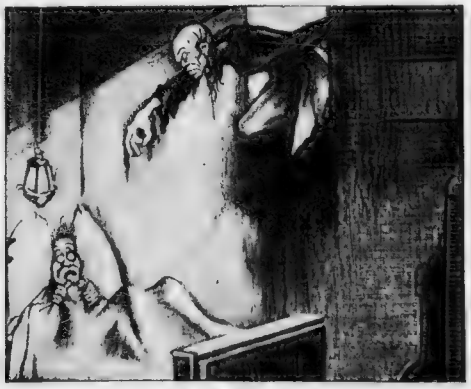
In His Sleep Dream He Got His Wish to Be a Railroad President and Order a Special Train—But Did Not Enjoy It After All.

This Sleep-Walking Mountain Climber Had to Stay Home But Made His Own "Mountains" and Climbed Them in His Sleep.

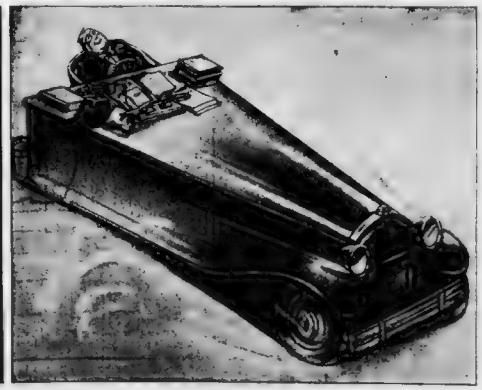


This Couple Did Even Better, Making the Mountains Come Right Up and Nestle on the Food of Their Bed.

The Vacationist in This Dream Caught His Train But Wished He Had Missed It



He Dreamed of a Cheap and Pallid Country Boarding House—But His Room Was Haunted by a Gibbering Ghost



As He Sat Day Dreaming in the Stuffy Office He Imagined His Desk Had Turned Into an Automobile and Away He Went Along the Cool, Green Countryside

L H R

A Collection of Astonishing Real-Life Stories of Spooks, I
Happenings Authenticated in Each Case by Son

The Countess of Strathmore, Mother of Elizabeth, the New Queen of Great Britain, Who Had Great Curiosity to Know the Forbidden Secrets of Glamis Castle and Its Spooks.

The Harper of Inveraray---

Mr. H. W. Hill, who contributed these experiences, was an old friend of Lord Halifax and was for many years secretary of the English Church Union, of which Lord Halifax was president. He paid several visits to Inveraray Castle, the home of the Dukes of Argyll.

LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL d[illegible] Easter 191[illegible] I saw the announcement that he was very ill and had gone from [illegible] to Inveraray. His son Mr Niall Campbell was in Fr[illegible] Easter but came home when he heard of his father's serious condition. However he fell [illegible] a friend that Lord Archibald before going to Inveraray was heard to say that he felt he would never come back and to express certain wishes which were to be carried out after his death. I wrote to Mr Niall Campbell, who very kindly sent me a description of all the arrangements he had made for the funeral and asked me to keep myself free to dine with him at the Bachelors Club on evening on his return, so that he might tell me all his news.

I dined with Mr Campbell who had now become Duke of Argyll at his club on May 28th and mentioned what I had been told about his father. He replied that he was glad to have my information, since it explained something which had been puzzling him. I then went on to mention some of the stories which I had read in West of Scotland newspapers. There was a tale about ravens, which came down from the glens and were seen hovering about Inveraray while [illegible] song [illegible] was carried when the [illegible] body lodged to [illegible] was born [illegible]

Mr Campbell must believe that the story was true, but he [illegible] the matter. He [illegible] told me that the [illegible] to [illegible] Loch Fyne. When I said I [illegible] explanation [illegible] me [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

G B

ooks, Dreams, Premonitions and Eerie
y Some Eminent Personage

---*in Duke of Argyll's Castle*

[illegible] only hears the noise [illegible] story struck me as strange [illegible] Inveraray Castle is one [illegible] new wing has been built on [illegible] site of the previ[illegible] Probably the poor old [illegible] said where the [illegible] now stands was hanged [illegible] Lady Elspeth went on to say that [illegible] had gone out to tea she had [illegible] seen the "little man" standing [illegible] gallery. As for the others [illegible] she was quite contemptuous [illegible] Highland bishops and "Nor[illegible] Mr. Samuel Gurney was a Nor[illegible] It was more surprising that the [illegible] of his wife had noticed nothing.

I [illegible] and heard the noises. I [illegible] out of the Bishop to the Castle [illegible] many [illegible] putting the little man [illegible] would not hear of this. He was, [illegible] and in some sense, a guardian. [illegible] and never did anyone any harm.

[illegible] had often heard of the Harper [illegible] I had lately recovered from a long [illegible] illness I was at Inveraray. I [illegible] Archer Room, which is above the [illegible] and like it. It is a turret attached [illegible] west end of the building. If my stay I [illegible] the sessions of a quartet in the [illegible] in the turret which I used as a [illegible]

[illegible] mention my experiences to anybody [illegible] always said the late Mrs. Clausen of [illegible] and Cherwell who passed me when [illegible] at home. When I told her she said, "I [illegible] such." She then put her finger [illegible]

[illegible] George Ian and Lady Elspeth [illegible] at the Lodge with their. I passed her [illegible] and she replied [illegible] own good. My aunt, Lady Mary [illegible] was all here lately would have died if she had not been placed in that room."

Other people have also seen the Harper. Lady George Campbell saw him in the Blue Room, which is in the same part of the Castle as the "Archie" Room, and one of her daughters saw him on the stairs. During the night, the music of the harp is often heard. Last Autumn Mrs. Ian Campbell was staying at the Castle and took her harp with her. She occupied the "Archie" Room and kept the harp in the turret. In the night she heard someone playing it, and it was, of course, the "little man." The lady had had the same experience on a former visit.

I was again staying at Inveraray in October, 1922, towards the end of the month. The Duke was not well and had retired to bed early, having decided that he would not be able to attend the funeral next day of the Marquess of Breadalbane.

That evening Lady Elspeth and Mr. Ian Campbell, a lad of 19, who was Lord Walter Campbell's grandson and the Duke's second heir, were sitting together in the Green Library, to which a round turret room is attached. Presently they heard great noises, as though books were being thrown about in the turret; and after a few minutes the doors from the turret into the library opened. Nothing could be seen, but something had entered and was slowly and deliberately scuffing about the room. Lady Elspeth and Mr. Ian Campbell ran upstairs to tell the Duke, who remarked that the visitor must be "the old man." He must, the Duke said, have appeared on account of the funeral of Lord Breadalbane, such apparitions being by no means unusual on the death of great clansmen.

A few days later the Duke wrote to me to tell me of these occurrences; and on the same day I had a letter from Lady Elspeth, in which she reported that "the Little Harper had been very active" about the time of the funeral. It would seem that this was his way of showing his annoyance at the absence of the Great Chief from the obsequies of his vassal.

"The Ghost," From Oil Painting by Dr. Franz Sedlacek, of Vienna.

the Doings of Earl Beardie and His Crew of Ghosts

[illegible] had a most ghastly little room, King [illegible] Chamber, but never slept there, for my [illegible] was afraid of waking in the night and [illegible] ions when she was alone that at Glamis [illegible] slept with her.

[illegible] never saw or heard anything, and eager be[illegible] on the ghosts affirmed that this was because [illegible] Lyon blood, and the ghosts never appeared [illegible] of the family.

My mother's grandmother, Lady Anne Simp[illegible] who was a Lyon, tried hard to see something. [illegible] often found her in her room with her face [illegible] pressed against the window pane, straining her [illegible] for a glimpse of the White Lady, a most harmless apparition, who is supposed to flit about the [illegible] gardens.

One year on our arrival we found the whole [illegible] in great excitement, as the White Lady had been seen by Lady Strathmore, her nieces, and Lady Glasgow, from different windows at the same moment.

One more tale, related to me by old Dr Nicholson, the Dean of Brechin, I must put down.

He said that once, when he was staying at Glamis, he had gone to bed in the room half-way up the winding stair. The door was locked, but he saw a tall figure enter, draped in a long, dark coat, fastened at the throat with a clasp. Neither spoke, and the figure disappeared in the wall.

The Bishop of Brechin, Dr. Forbes, who was also staying in the castle, was very incredulous about this apparition, and teased his friend by saying, "Now, Dr. Dean, we all know you are the most persevering beggar in Scotland. I am sure you brought out your collecting book and had the ghost by asking him for a subscription."

Next night, to the delight of Dr. Nicholson, the Provost of Perth, who had joined the party, said he had a similar mysterious visit the last time he slept in that room.

Unquestionably there is something strange about the place. The chaplain told me that he felt this more and more the longer he lived there, while the factor, Mr. Ralston, a dry, shrewd, hard-headed Scotsman, after he had been initiated into the secret, could never be induced to sleep in the castle.

One winter evening, when he had come up for the theatricals, a sudden snowstorm came on and the road back to his home appeared impassable.

However he resolutely refused to spend the night on a sofa and insisted on rousing the gardeners and stablemen to dig out a path to his house, nearly a mile off, outside the park.

Lady Strathmore herself told me that she once disclosed to Mr. Ralston her great curiosity about the mystery.

He looked earnestly at her and said very gravely: "Lady Strathmore, it is fortunate that you do not know it and can never know it, for if you did you would not be a happy woman."

Many years afterwards, in September, 1912, I visited Glamis with my daughter, Dora, for the first time after Claude's death.

His son has no objection to talking about the ghost. He and his wife were much interested in my dream and got me to give them a copy of my account of it.

Lady Strathmore told me that on her first visit to Glamis after her marriage she and her husband occupied the blue room.

During the night she dreamed that she saw a big man gazing at her from the other side of the bed; only he was thin, not fat like my ghost.

She woke in a great fright and roused her husband, but, of course, there was nothing there.

Two of her children, Rose, the second girl, and David, the youngest boy, often see shadowy figures flitting about the castle.

Phantom Who Appeared to the Lonely Student in Lord Orford's Library

[illegible] on the other hand do not wish to be set down [illegible] crazy dreamer whose disorganized nervous [illegible] so rendered him liable to fantastic delusions, [illegible] decided to the earnest request of those who [illegible] begged me to record my experience in writ[illegible] I am told that there are those who busy [illegible] selves in collecting similar stories. If so, it [illegible] that they shall hear the facts from me [illegible] have passed through other channels. [illegible] narrative was written at the request of a [illegible] so many days after the event, when all the [illegible] incidents were fresh in my recollection.

[illegible] the 10th of October, 1879, I drove over from [illegible] to Mannington Hall, to spend the night at Lord Orford's. Though I was in perfect health and high spirits, it is fair to state that for some weeks previously I had had a great deal to think about, some little anxiety, and considerable mental strain of one kind or another. I was not, however, conscious of anything approaching weariness, irritability or "fag." I arrived at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and was engaged in pleasant and animated conversation until it was time to dress for dinner. We dined at seven. Our party numbered six persons of whom four at least had been great travelers. I myself was rather a listener.

The talk, which was general and discursive, amused and interested me greatly. Not for a single moment did it turn upon the supernatural. It was chiefly concerned with questions of art and the experiences of those who had seen a great deal of the world and could describe intelligently what they had seen and comment upon it suggestively. After dinner we played a rubber of whist, and as two of the guests had some distance to drive, we broke up at half past ten.

The main object of my going over to Mannington was to examine and take notes upon some very rare books in Lord Orford's library, which I had been anxious to get a sight of for some years, but had never been so fortunate as to see up till now. I asked leave to sit up for some hours and make transcripts. Lord Orford at first wished me to let his valet remain in attendance, to see that all lights were put out, but as this would have embarrassed me and compelled me to go to bed earlier than I wished, and as, moreover, it seemed likely that I would be busy till two or three in the morning, it was agreed that I should be left to my own devices and that the servant should be allowed to retire. By 11 o'clock, busily at work and absorbed in my occupation, I was the only person downstairs.

I was writing in a large room with a huge fireplace and a grand old chimney, and needless to say, it was furnished with every comfort and luxury. The library opened out this room, and to reach the volumes I wanted to examine I had to pass into the library and stand upon a chair. There were six small volumes in all. Taking them down I placed them at my right hand in a little pile, and set to work, sometimes reading and sometimes writing. On the table were four silver candlesticks with candles burning, and, as I am a chilly person, I sat down at one corner of the table with the fire on my left.

At intervals, as I had finished with a book, I rose, knocked the fire together and stood up to warm my feet. In this way I continued at my work till nearly one o'clock in the morning, I had got on better than I had expected and had only one more book to study. I rose, wound up my watch, and opened a bottle of seltzer water, thinking to myself that after all I should get to bed by two o'clock. I then set to work on the last little book.

I had been engaged upon it for about half an hour and was just beginning to think that my task was drawing to a close, when, while I was actually writing, I saw a large white hand within a foot of my elbow. Turning my head, I distinguished the figure of a somewhat large man with his back to the fire, bending slightly over the table and apparently examining the pile of books upon which I had been working. The man's face was turned away from me, but I saw his closely-cut reddish-brown hair, his ear and smooth cheek, an eyebrow, the corner of the right eye, the side of the forehead, and the large, high cheek-bone.

He was dressed in what I can only describe as a kind of ecclesiastical habit of thick corded silk or some such material. It was buttoned up to the throat and had a narrow rim or edging, about an inch broad, of satin or velvet, which served as a collar and fitted close to the chin. The right hand which had first attracted my attention, was clasping, without any pressure, the left hand. Both were in perfect repose, the light blue veins of the right hand being conspicuous.

I looked at my visitor for some seconds, uncertain whether he was real or not. A thousand thoughts came crowding upon me, but I had not the least feeling of alarm, or even of uneasiness. Curiosity and a strong interest were uppermost. For my part I felt eager to make a sketch of my friend and looked at a tray on my right for a pencil. Then I thought, "Upstairs, I have a sketch-book. Shall I fetch it?" Sitting there he fascinated me. I was not afraid of his staying but of his going. Stopping in my writing, I lifted my left hand from the paper, stretched it out to the pile of books and moved the top one. I cannot explain why I did this. My arm passed in front of the figure and it vanished. I was simply disappointed and had no other feeling about the incident.

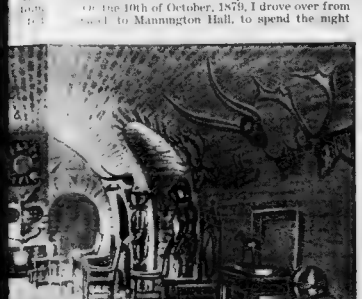
I went on with my writing for perhaps another five minutes as though nothing had happened, and had actually got to the last few words of my appointed task when the figure appeared again. I saw the hands close to my own and turned my head to examine the man more closely. I was about to address him when I discovered that I dare not speak. I was afraid of the sound of my voice. There he sat and there I sat. I turned back to my work and finished off two or three words I had still to write. The paper and my notes which are at this moment before me, show not the slightest tremor or nervousness. I could point out the very words I was writing when the ghost came and again when he disappeared. Having finished my task, I shut the book and threw it on the table. As it fell it made a slight noise and the figure vanished.

Throwing myself back in my chair, I sat for some seconds wondering whether my friend would come again, and if he did whether he would hide the fire from me. I then for the first time had a dread and a suspicion that I was beginning to lose my nerve. I remember yawning. Then I rose, lit my bedroom candle, took my books into the inner library, mounted the chair as before and replaced five of the volumes. The sixth I took back and laid upon the table, on which I had been writing when the ghost appeared.

By the time I had lost all sense of uneasiness [illegible] about the [illegible] less and made [illegible] decided where I slept the [illegible] of the guilts I [illegible] not which, but I slept very soundly.

This is a simple and unvarnished narration of facts. Explanation, theory or interpretation I leave to others.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.



[illegible] & [illegible] Inside Whose Wall Many Spooks Are Said to [illegible] Have Had Their Abode in England

The Petter

by Wentworth Hale

The Story of a Love That Didn't Run at All Smooth. Complete In This Issue.

"Better run along and do an Papa says." Suggested Milton Vandiver. "Papa mustn't stay out in the night air this way." Earl Clenched His Fist But Kept It to Himself.

In reference to Mary Lou the boys not infrequently made use of a locally descriptive phrase. "Lots of Lou," that is to say, when Mary Lou's name was mentioned in the presence of one or more of the boys, English Whips would say that at eighteen was the easiest [illegible] was wrong to talk expressively of strictly a part of [illegible] as a prelude to the [illegible]

Mr. Mary Lou Kent. "Lots of [illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Lots of [illegible]

[illegible] It could be inferred that Mary Lou [illegible] a succession of [illegible]

Mary Lou was a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

A delightful discovery ... this marvelous, new flavor in salad dressing!

"MIRACLE WHIP HAS THE MOST DELIGHTFUL FLAVOR I'VE EVER TASTED. IT'S UNIQUE AND ENTIRELY DIFFERENT. EVERYONE SEEMS TO LOVE IT."

Pineapple Fruit Bowl

This lovely salad never fails to win praise when Mrs. Winston Elting serves it. Cut a fresh pineapple in half lengthwise, cutting through the leaves. Hollow out each pineapple-half to form two bowls. Cube the pineapple which has been removed, and "toss" it together with fresh strawberries and sliced bananas. Fill the pineapple bowls with this fruit and garnish the edge of each bowl with whole strawberries. For the finishing touch Mrs. Elting puts a generous amount of Miracle Whip Salad Dressing on top of each of the bowls and place them on a round plate surrounded with crisp romaine leaves. This recipe serves eight very nicely."

HEAR THE KRAFT MUSIC HALL PROGRAM Bing Crosby, Bob Burns and famous guest stars! Every Thursday night, N.B.C. stations

Millions prefer the tantalizing tang of this new kind of salad dressing!

Even the simplest salads take on new interest when you serve them with Miracle Whip Salad Dressing. Miracle Whip is an entirely new *kind* of dressing. It has an utterly new and *different* flavor—a tang and piquancy that never before existed.

That's the reason why millions of women prefer it, why Miracle Whip today outsells the next twenty leading salad dressings combined!

Miracle Whip is a unique combination of finest mayonnaise and old-fashioned boiled dressing. In making it, Kraft uses *far more of the expensive ingredients* that make the difference between fine and ordinary salad dressings. Then, these choice ingredients are blended *more completely*—whipped to a velvet-smooth creaminess in the exclusive Miracle Whip beater.

You'll like the tantalizing flavor of Miracle Whip the very first time you taste it. It's not too tart, not too bland, not too oily. And men, particularly, love its delightful tang and zestfulness. Serve your next salad with Miracle Whip—and you'll agree with the millions of other women who prefer it to any other kind of salad dressing!

Its special recipe calls for far more of the expensive ingredients!

Remember this about salad dressings: In many of the ordinary commercial mixtures offered for sale, the choice ingredients are deliberately skimped. In making Miracle Whip, Kraft uses more—far more—of these costly ingredients. That's one important reason why millions of women prefer this new kind of salad dressing.

MIRACLE WHIP SALAD DRESSING

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF "PHILADELPHIA" BRAND CREAM CHEESE

Cathedral of Fear

H... G...

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

M...

Sheridy was Starting With Peyton's Execution of the Weird Blue Pool And Its Ghastly Occupant

...make for staying. He felt... he would be no hope... [illegible]

...be [illegible] ...for all ac...

...It was [illegible] ...that Sheridy should [illegible] ...look. I said we ...rather toss for it. ...If [illegible] ...can have a share ...proved to the ...if I never re... the gold. I... passed her ...full of ...ing the right to the Wallows ...that was ...

...[illegible] ...Charles, the jungle—on account of the insects alone—would be insufferable by evening. Furthermore, food and water would soon become a supreme necessity without which they would perish swiftly.

...[illegible] ...Charles, the jungle—on account of the insects alone—would be insufferable by evening. Furthermore, food and water would soon become a supreme necessity without which they would perish swiftly.

...[illegible] ...Look [illegible] ...from the ... Ledge ... a moment ... What d... ...

...[illegible] ...

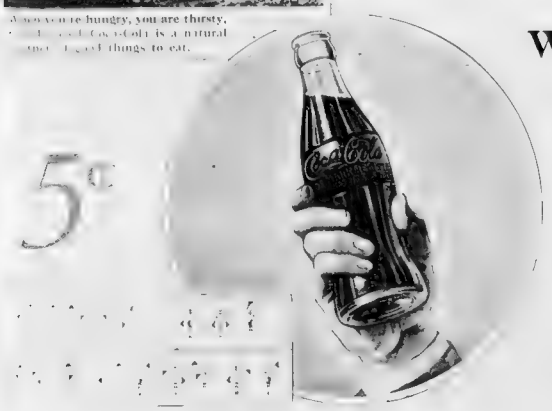
...[illegible] ...

...[illegible]

Boy Scout Jamboree

Washington, D. C., June 30 to July 9

When you're hungry, you are thirsty, ... Coca-Cola is a natural ... of things to eat.



"On to Washington," shout the Boy Scouts of America . . . for their first National Jamboree. Ice-cold Coca-Cola will be there . . . at the soda fountains and refreshment stands of the city and in canteen tents at the vast encampment, . . . to make a pause *the pause that refreshes.* "On to Washington!"

You find ice-cold Coca-Cola, with its pure, wholesome refreshment, every place else; it belongs in your refrigerator at home.

The Petter

The Story of a Love That Didn't Run at All Smooth. Complete in This Issue.

By Wentworth Hale

Continued from Page 18)

ple must be wild. But the happily."

Mary Lo was walking now ... pected to do. Instead she and dolly found herself crying in her mother's arms and her mother a little aghast at what she had accomplished could only say to her over and over. There now. There there. Mother thinks you're the finest girl in the world.

But mother we are ... stant sobbed Mary Lo. You don't understand.

Of course I understand said Mrs Kent soothingly.

You don't understand ... about what.

About what.

Ah Ear I've been acting this way because he's been a beast so mean to me.

There it was ... the name never spoken that seemed so hard to take apart when you said it. But her mother grasped the import of Mary Lo's words. She had been searching vainly for a motive behind her daughter's conduct and here suddenly it was.

She thought of ... gift something Mary Lo ... Lamar ... Vanderbilt ... Ear ... that phrase ... rah rah ... think I ever had ... hasn't been a bit exciting ... Nothing really ... happened ... had happened ... Ear ... Mary Lo ... with the tooth ...

Such ... jewelry ... phrases ... Ear ... Mary Lo ... Lamar ... Vanderbilt ... Ear ... Mary Lo ... Lamar ... Vanderbilt ... Ear ... Mary Lo ... Lamar ... Vanderbilt

LUXOR'S JUBILEE GIFT TO WOMEN WHO LONG FOR A GORGEOUS COMPLEXION!

FREE

55¢ LUXOR SPECIAL FORMULA CREAM

Mysterious new "reversible" cream that is revolutionizing skin-care,

with 55¢ LUXOR FACE POWDER!

Amazing new discovery for keeping complexions free of shine!

"REVERSIBLE ACTION" OF NEW CREAM COMBINES PORE-CLEANING, SKIN-SOFTENING, POWDER-BASE IN ONE QUICK TREATMENT!

Your Eyes Can See it Happen! "Prepare for mystery! Never before has anything seemed to give your skin so thrilling and thorough a cleansing, as the utterly new, reversible action of LUXOR SPECIAL FORMULA CREAM.

"Even the tips of one's fingers thrill at the touch of this satiny-textured cream, so kind to the senses.

"Now, I smooth it on. Lo and behold, it disappears from sight to do its job!"

Cream Disappears to do its Work!

"Gone from sight, this mystery cream!

"I pause for a moment, while it goes deep into the tiny crevices of my skin, to loosen oily wastes and embedded dirt.

"I seem to feel a gentle tightening of the tissues, an exciting lift. New life seems to creep into my skin as it gives up its burden of grime and oily waste.

"It is a glorious relaxation to sit back and feel this 'mystery' cream at work!"

Then Reverses—Reappears with Dirt!

Then I massage gently, and the cream REVERSES ITSELF—reappears in a creamy white mask loaded with impurities out of my pores. I remove this dirt filled mask.

A new face is revealed! Pores breathe with new life because LUXOR SPECIAL FORMULA is a WAX-FREE CREAM! No tiny particles of wax can remain to plug the pores and rob skin of its youthful tension."

Now Skin is Radiant—Ready to Powder!

"Now my skin is radiant with a natural lively glow! It feels soft and caressable to the touch. Exactly the powder-base for a smooth, lasting natural make-up!

"I choose LUXOR FACE POWDER because it keeps my skin shine-proof! Skin moisture can't phase it! And so, one cream, one powder, have brought me a radiant, new complexion!"

1937's Biggest Event at Cosmetic Counters!

• By air-mail, wire and phone, cosmetic counters all over America rushed to reserve their quotas of Luxor Silver Jubilee Sets!

And millions of women have already switched to Luxor Face Powder because it contains the secret that baffled science for years—how to combat shine!

Luxor keeps your skin shine-free because it is proof against the damage that pore-moisture often does to face powder!

You may not see or feel it, but any doctor will tell you that pores breathe-out a moisture onto even the driest skin. It clusters your face powder into tiny flour-like deposits—actually pulls it away from surrounding skin, and exposes the shiny surface you wanted to cover.

Luxor won't mix with this moisture. Perspiration can't absorb it. That's why it clings in a smooth, uniform film so perfectly, that millions of women see a glamourous change with the first application.

It keeps your complexion, oily or dry, free of shine!

Select, today, your personal shade of Luxor Face Powder. Note the soft, cool way it spreads on. The lasting, natural glow it lends to your complexion, because pore moisture can't damage it.

Find out through Luxor's sensational Silver Jubilee Gift Offer! To win your trial of Luxor Face Powder, we give you, FREE, the 55c LUXOR SPECIAL FORMULA CREAM. Its mysterious "reversible action" brings an utterly new cleanliness to your skin!

Get your Luxor Silver Jubilee Set today.

A thrilling new cream and powder, both for the price of Luxor Face Powder alone. $1.10 value, only 55c! The complete key to exciting new beauty.

Your cosmetic counter now has its quota of Luxor Jubilee Sets. The supply is strictly limited, so get yours without delay.

HURRY WHILE THEY LAST!

If your store can't supply, send 55c to Luxor, Chicago. Specify shade—Flesh, Rachel, Rose Rachel, Deep Rachel, White)

Cathedral of Fear by Herbert Jensen

Two Mounted Men Came Out of the Jungle Fritz Was in the Lurch, His Rifle Partly Extended for a Snap Shot

(Continued from Page 20)

CHAPTER VIII
The Cathedral of Fear

S

(Continued on Page 36)

Sani-Flush
CLEANS TOILETS WITHOUT SCOURING

CORNS Go—
When You Use
KOHLER
ONE NIGHT CORN SALVE
Pad and Tape Included FREE
Get quick relief at the first use of this time tested remedy. In the handy green tin 15¢
"Famous For 50 Years"

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY is the world's most interesting magazine—it has come to be interesting to more than 3,500,000 families.

INSIST ON NEW Shinola White
THE 3-WAY GUARANTEED CLEANER
(READ DOUBLE-MONEY-BACK OFFER)

1. GUARANTEED NOT TO RUB OFF
PRESERVES LEATHER
2. GUARANTEED TO REMOVE STAINS
3. GUARANTEED TO WHITEN QUICKLY
DOUBLE-MONEY-BACK OFFER
New SHINOLA WHITE CLEANED
BOTTLES OR TUBES 10¢ and 25¢

FOR GUARANTEED WHITE SHOE SMARTNESS . . INSIST ON NEW SHINOLA

Will your scalp stand the "FINGERNAIL TEST?"

Millions now remove ugly dandruff this easy Wildroot way

FREE SPECIAL BARGAIN OFFER

LIMITED TIME ONLY! A 35¢ bottle of Wildroot Instant Shampoo packed free with medium size Wildroot Hair Tonic . . . . GET YOURS TODAY!

WILDROOT Hair Tonic

Your Iced Coffee can be RICHER

...and cost less at the same time

After a fast game . . . a tall glass of Iced Coffee . . . Dark and cooling. It is richer and less costly if you make it with DATED Coffee!

THAT'S because our unique Dating and delivery system *guarantees freshness.*

Every bag of *Dated* Coffee is rushed fresh from the roasting ovens to your grocer, clearly marked with the delivery date, for your protection against staleness and flat, weak flavor. Delivered like your milk and cream! Treated just like the fresh food it really is!

This same guarantee of freshness also enables us to pack this very high-grade coffee in an inexpensive paper bag and give you its extra richness at a much lower price. No need of expensive containers. You pay for rich coffee, *not* for a fancy container.

Buy this rich but inexpensive Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee from your grocer tomorrow and see how much richer, more refreshing Iced Coffee it makes. A better drink at a far lower cost!

Listen to the Chase & Sanborn Coffee Radio Program on the N.B.C. Red Network every Sunday Night.

For finest flavor in Iced Coffee, USE HIGH-GRADE COFFEE

Only the finest quality, fullest flavored coffee will do, when you make Iced Coffee. Because, as the ice melts, it's bound to dilute the coffee. And even measuring your coffee more generously than usual—which is the rule for Iced Coffee—can't make up for this loss of flavor unless you start out with a coffee that is fresh, extra rich and high grade. For better Iced Coffee, use Dated Coffee.

Cathedral of Fear

Herbert J. [illegible]

Strand Was in the Cathedral, Beyond Any Question. He Agreed in That Instant That There Could Be No Other Name So Appropriate for the Vast Vault-Shaped Cavern.

(Continued from Page 24)

[illegible]

CHAPTER IX.
Death at the Pool.

[illegible]

ashment. Charles did not seem angered by the statement. Strand

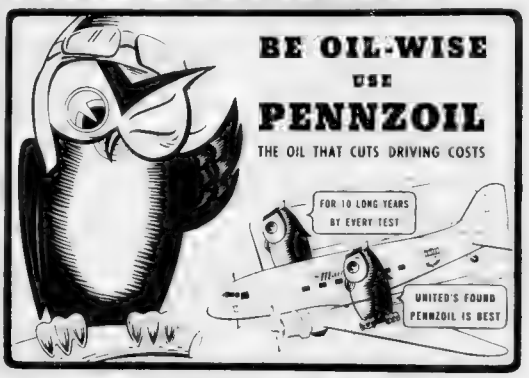
[illegible]

this opportunity for telling them

(Continued on Page [illegible])

Why We Eat What We Do and Dislike Other Foods

[illegible]



You can't afford to
"Pink Tooth Brush"
See your dentist
Don't be a
"DENTAL CRIPPLE"
Soft, creamy foods—lack of hard chewing may lead to serious gum troubles
Change today
TO IPANA AND MASSAGE
Remember
A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury
IPANA
Tooth Paste

Cathedral of Fear

by Herbert Jensen

(Continued from Page 26)

soon found. The pitchblende deposit surrounding the poison pool had been Fritz's own discovery. Soon, Charles confirmed Strand's earlier belief that Fritz had used the deadly possibilities for his grievance against Ames.

Courtney Ames had been expected to drink some of the water; instead, he washed his face and hands, and had been horribly burned. The story of the exploding gasoline lantern had been just another of Fritz's nimble myths.

Sherida was watching with a kind of immobile horror the stridulous and mouthings of Charles Walton.

In this singular monologue Strand found one shining thread: though fearing him, Charles thought greatly of his brother. It was Fritz, Fritz—an affection Strand deduced, that was returned in kind. Instantly Charles was out of prison. Fritz had brought him down here.

"Before I came," said Charles, Fritz had brought Don Pedro into our coil. Don Pedro had ideas. Some of them were good. But he had a few too many." Charles waved the bethumbed document. "This was one. Fritz had a hunch about Don Pedro. Fritz's hunches are always good. So yesterday Fritz quarreled with Don Pedro to smoke him out; then gave him what was coming to him."

Strand stood closer to Sherida, and leaned against the rock. He had been so weak that he could scarcely stand. But his arm had begun to pain again, and his gasoline flare.

It was Strand's appreciation that at this moment—just before Fritz arrived back from his errand—Charles was engrossed only in himself. Strand understood that those wide, boastful strides that took Charles to the edge of the pool, that loud assured voice, would both diminish in the presence of the older and more dangerous brother. Charles would then be watchful of his prisoners.

Charles at this instant—this peculiar and particular instant—was thinking completely of himself . . . and not of anything else.

He had just brought up his automatic to emphasize some point when Strand fell toward him, struck him in the face with what strength he could summon.

The pistol exploded in Strand's ear. He attempted to step back for another swing. But Charles brought up his knee. Strand twisted, but in a sudden throb of pain clinched with Charles. He hooked his arm about the big man's neck and hung there. Charles battered the pistol at Strand's head with short blows. Over Charles' shoulder Strand saw a mounted figure lunge out of the jungle, and slide from his horse. Fritz had come.

Fritz was shouting; his mouth opened and closed; but Strand's deadened eardrums could not make out the words. Nor were Charles' hoarse curses distinct, even though they were yelled at his ear.

Then Charles managed to fling Strand away from him. Strand staggered back a few paces. The big man's face was convulsed. He seemed to be unaware of the automatic in his hand. He rushed. Strand slid weakly to his knees; his legs would no longer support him. He met Charles' headlong rush with his shoulder. The impact drove Strand to the ground. He heard one cry from Charles—a scream of horror quenched in agony!

Dimly he saw the pool of living blue spout in radiant splashing. Then Charles' hand clawed upward from the surface toward the bank.

Strand reached for it. It was an impulse he could not resist even though, because of his half-turned body, he saw Fritz, eyes insane, loom behind him. He had Charles by the hand. His upper body reared, dripping. His eyes were fast shut. Agony twisted his face. His other hand rose, still clenching his automatic with an instinct undiminued by agony. As it pointed toward Strand, he felt Fritz's hands against his shoulders thrusting him toward the pool.

Strand was too weak to resist. He collapsed inertly, his cheek almost at the water. He still held to Charles' hand; the dying man's nails bit into the flesh of his wrist. In Charles' other hand the automatic waved in grotesque menace. Fritz called out hoarsely:

"Charlie . . . drop that gun! I'll get this damned . . ."

Charles' pistol crashed. Behind Strand Fritz cried out inarticulately, choked, then in a terrible voice stammered:

"Charlie . . . you've shot—damn you! . . ."

Strand felt the weight of Fritz's body for an instant over his. There was a splash, and a little surge of water against Strand's cheek that burned bitterly. He no longer held to Charles' hand.

Strand came to his knees, and crawled toward Sherida. Her eyes were shut against the sight of the pool, still now except for a ripple of quietly diminishing wavelets. He tore his clasp-knife from his pocket. He bit at the closed blade; with his teeth he snapped it open. Sherida stared at Strand, but there was little of understanding in her eyes. He slashed the rope about her wrists.

He lifted her up. They stood, pressed together as if in mutual support. Sherida began to weep softly, her damp cheek pressed against the rumpled and smudged white of Strand's coat.

She kept repeating, "Michael! Michael!" and her arms slipped upward and about his neck, holding him tightly, almost fiercely.

He found himself murmuring words of comfort; his lips were damp with her tears. Her little sobs quieted; soon they ceased, and Strand muttered once hoarsely, "Miss Sherida . . ." Then, "Sherida!"

Her lips, somehow, were against his own.

The End.

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Hot? Tired? Thirsty?

here is your drink!

Lift a glass of Lipton's Tea iced to the light, note the pure amber sparkle. Then take a long, satisfying drink . . . enjoy the delightful flavor . . . feel refreshed once again. Lipton's Tea iced picks you up and keeps you there.

YELLOW LABEL, ORANGE PEKOE

LIPTON'S TEA *Iced*

BEGINNING NEXT SUNDAY

The Platinum Watch

By Max Brand

A Short Novel of a Wealthy Playboy Adventurer Who Turns Detective and Solves a Baffling Murder Mystery.

Queer Medical Superstitions

ALTHOUGH the practice of modern medical science is so widespread that most sick people in rural American communities may readily summon physicians to help them get well, Dr. Charles F. Bolduan, Director of Health Education of the New York City Department of Health, recently pointed out that a surprisingly large number of folks still rely on queer medical superstitions to aid them when they are ill.

Not only are these superstitions prevalent in many backwoods settlements but they are also practiced in large cities. In New York, for example, Dr. Bolduan discovered that there is French West Indiana in the East Harlem section treating asthma patients with the broth of lizards boiled in milk; bathing sufferers from "dropsy" in a solution of muslin leaves and salt; bandaging live eels over boils to absorb matter, and tying a bag of charms around the necks of their children to ward off disease.

"Nor are the French West Indians the only ones," states Dr. Bolduan. "Many southern Negroes will assure you that spider webs placed over a cut will stop hemorrhage and keep the wound from becoming infected. Newcomers from the red clay section of Alabama when communicating with a person nursing a sprain will lament the fact that they cannot make a poultice of red clay and vinegar for the sprained ankle or wrist. They are convinced, moreover, that the hot blood of a chicken is a sure cure for snake bite; a poultice of castor oil and okra blossoms, for dropsy, another of chewed tobacco for bee sting; and that to give a child who has measles a drink of water or to wash his face or hands with water will certainly cause his death.

"From the turpentine regions come the notions that salt pork and turpentine will heal any cut; that the stocking worn during the day, if tied around the neck at night, will relieve sore throat, and that a copper wire wrapped tightly around the wrist will cure rheumatism.

"Some of our Irish neighbors have yet another 'cure' for rheumatism—red flannel wrapped around or worn over the afflicted part. They also proclaim the efficacy of a poultice of salt pork generously sprinkled with black pepper and tied around the neck with a flannel cloth as a method for treating a sore throat; a pancake applied to the chest, and a vigorous rubbing with kerosene or goose grease are approved "treatments" for colds. And a bag of saffron worn around the neck is their guardian against contagious diseases.

"Some Italians also believe in 'bag wearing' but put garlic in theirs while the Dutch favor asafetida. Of course, it can be said that there may be some value in the bags of garlic and asafetida—their aroma would discourage anyone from coming near the wearer, which might keep away some people who had contagious diseases.

"But to think that garlic, saffron, or asafetida when sewed in a bag have any germ killing properties is as foolish as putting your faith in the witch's bag of charms. I personally knew a woman whose one daughter had rickets. On the advice of a "wise woman" some earth was fetched from a new-made grave, tied in a bag, and hung about the neck of the child. It was effective—as much as a piece of string would be—which is zero.

"After the birth of the famous

(Continued on Page 28)

LOOK! A NEW KIND OF CAR VALUE

...THE "Blue Seal" CAR!

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"Such a gorgeous looking car," exclaims Mrs. Hazel Johanson, Northbrook, Ill. My husband always takes the family car to business, so you can imagine how grand it is now to have two cars in the family. For a second car a Dodge dealer's Blue Seal car is ideal."

"An amazing value—that's the best way I can describe my Blue Seal car," says Samuel L. Selling, Bridgeport, Conn. "And it was a real satisfaction to know all about the car beforehand and to be able to bank on it being reliable and trouble-free. I've got a little better than 4,500 miles out it and, honestly, it is just like driving a new car!"

"The best buy ever—that's what we think of the Blue Seal car I bought as a second car for our family," says Leo Bergstrom, Los Angeles. My wife and family are delighted with it, too. It's swell to have two cars, especially when we could get a second car so reasonably."

"I made a swell buy when I got my Blue Seal car. I've put about 13,000 miles on it since I've had it and they've been tough miles, too. You have to hand it to Dodge dealers for selling cars like this." Fred J. Hutchison, Jr., Seattle.

"A real value—that's how I look on my Blue Seal car," says J. A. McLaughlin, San Francisco. In price, appearance and performance it was all one buyer could possibly ask for. There's no question that Blue Seal cars offer today's biggest values."

"A magnificent car in wonderful condition!" says Miss Meryl A. Tyndall of New York City. "I've driven it 4,500 miles since I've had it and have hardly any mechanical expense. In fact, it has proved economical in every way and dependable, that I can't praise my Blue Seal car too highly."

"Our Blue Seal car is giving us so much satisfaction and enjoyment to own that it's hard to believe that it really cost us so little money," says Henry Grandemann of St. Louis. "Dodge dealers are rendering a great service in providing Blue Seal cars to motorists who do not feel they can afford a new one."

What is a Blue Seal Car?

Here's great news for the thousands who want to buy a car and don't feel they can afford a new one! Dodge dealers have launched the greatest plan ever offered for the protection of the used car buyer!...Blue Seal cars—*an entirely new kind of automobile value*—ranging in price from about $250 up!

Blue Seal cars are those that have been carefully selected from the tremendous number of cars of all makes and models that are being traded in at Dodge dealers. Before they can bear the famous "Blue Seal," they must represent the utmost in dependability—must be expertly inspected and, if necessary, reconditioned from bumper to bumper—*triple-checked* for appearance, condition and price. Then—and only then—do these finest of all trade-ins become Blue Seal cars—guaranteed by your Dodge dealer's reputation for dependability!

No wonder owners the country over say that Blue Seal cars give practical motorists America's biggest dollar value! No wonder new car owners who have long been looking for a dependable second car are acclaiming Blue Seal cars! No wonder thousands who desire to make 100 per cent certain they are getting dependability in a used car are flocking to Dodge dealers for Blue Seal cars!

"Tell the Truth," Say Dodge Dealers!

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See your Dodge dealer today! If you're planning to spend less than $250, you'll find just the used car you want—honestly represented and honestly priced. If you plan to spend a few dollars more—you'll find a Blue Seal car—*a new kind of automobile value*—ranging in price from about $250 up! And remember!—only Dodge Dealers Sell Blue Seal Cars!

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This Blue Seal is the sign of a new kind of car value—your Dodge dealer's pledge of dependability!

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The winners of the $10,000 prize contest on how to buy a dependable used car, recently staged by the Dodge Dealers of America, have been selected by the judges: B. C. Forbes, well-known financial writer and editor of Forbes Magazine; Alice Hughes, noted newspaper-syndicate columnist; Bruce Crawford, publisher of Crawford newspapers and C. D. Wight, co-publisher, Automobile Topics magazine. The winners and the prizes awarded each are as follows:

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BLUE RIBBON MALT

America's Biggest Seller

A Little Herb Garden Will Dress Up Your Salads

By Mary Lee Swann, The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

WHEN standing near a group of connoisseurs of delectable foods at the wonderful food show in New York, I overheard such remarks as "Swedish breads are so good," "American pies are the best in the world," "French pastries melt in the mouth," "Polish beet soup is something a traveler never forgets," "German cakes and breads are a national asset," and so on as each person remembered some pleasant experience as he has wandered here and there over the earth.

However, one always hears: "But why can't American women learn to make good salads?" or some question that is its equivalent. There has been and is a tradition all over the world that American women are excellent cooks but that their salads are impossible, being a sort of combination of acidulated ice cream sundae and unappetizing left-overs.

There are several reasons for this tradition. One is that we make the mistake of serving too many sweet salads, smothering them with whipped cream, marshmallows, etc., and otherwise overdecorating them. Another is that our salads are lacking in the delicacy and piquancy of flavor so important to an epicure. With just a little care, these errors can be corrected.

In no country in the world can a housewife find a greater variety of delicious salad materials than in America. She can buy or grow celery, cabbage, lettuce, endive, chicory, escarole, watercress, garden cress, sorrel, romaine cucumber, radishes, tomatoes, scallions, leeks, peppers, artichokes, cauliflower and many other suitable materials. The most exciting part of any salad recipe is in the choice of the herb or herbs to be used. A small window box or kitchen garden can be used to grow a few herbs that are most acceptable to the average family.

Among such flavors are garlic, chives, burnet, basil, parsley, tarragon, lovage, young mustard leaves, sweet marjoram, nasturtium seeds and stems, thyme, chervil, fennel, rue, dill, winter savory and summer savory, mint, anise, clary and sage. Use just a suggestion of any seasoning. Don't go on the theory that if a little is good, a great deal is better. Have all the materials ice-cold, crisp and absolutely free of grit.

Under no circumstances serve watery or soupy salads. Cold well-marinated vegetables (raw or cooked), tomato aspic, well-marinated fruits or leafy vegetables may be the piece de resistance of any formal or informal summer dinner. Arrange interesting color contrasts. Experiment with interesting flavor contrasts, too, by varying the herbs or combinations of herbs.

Avocado and Cucumber Salad.

IN a wooden salad bowl mix lightly-shredded lettuce, diced avocado pears, shredded cucumbers, sliced radishes and French dressing to marinate well. All materials should be ice-cold. Serve immediately.

Cabbage and Carrot Salad.

FINELY shred 2 cups hard white cabbage. Sprinkle with ice-water, drain and let stand in cold place for 15 minutes or until crisp. Mix lightly with 1 cup grated raw carrot, 1 cup chopped (unpeeled) tart apple, ½ cup minced green pepper and 2 minced chives. Omit the green pepper, if desired. Marinate with a little well-seasoned salad dressing. Serve immediately.

Beet and Endive Salad.

ARRANGE cooked baby beets on crisp endive. Serve with French dressing and garnish with a suggestion of chopped chervil.

Cabbage and Beet Salad.

FINELY shred 1 pint white cabbage. Sprinkle with ice-water, drain and let stand in cold place for 15 minutes or until crisp. Lightly add 1 cup drained shredded pineapple. Moisten with salad dressing, adding salt to taste. Arrange on crisp lettuce and garnish with 1 cup grated or ground raw beet. Serve immediately.

Mixed Vegetable Salad.

ON crisp lettuce leaves arrange 2 or 3 cauliflower flowerets. Beside the cauliflower place diced or sliced raw or cooked carrots and cooked peas or string-beans. Garnish with baby beets and asparagus tips. Serve with savory French dressing.

Vegetable Salad.

RUB inside of salad bowl with a crushed clove of garlic. In the bowl lightly mix shredded lettuce leaves, crisp endive, chilled chicory and water-cress or Chinese cabbage. Add sliced cucumbers and quartered tomatoes. Garnish with tarragon leaves. Serve with your favorite French dressing.

Chicory and Cucumber Salad.

RUB inside of salad bowl with a piece of onion or garlic. Lightly arrange crisp lettuce and shredded chicory in the bowl. Add a sliced or diced cucumber. Garnish with crisp watercress. Serve with French dressing seasoned with 2 teaspoons minced chives, 2 teaspoons green pepper and 2 teaspoons finely-chopped pickle.

Luncheon Salad.

LIGHTLY mix 1 pint shredded white cabbage and 1 pint grated raw carrot. Add 1 cup raisins and moisten with well-seasoned mayonnaise dressing. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

Quick Mint Aspic.

DISSOLVE 1 package aspic-flavored gelatin according to directions on box, using required amount of liquid. Add 1 tablespoon finely-chopped mint leaves. Turn into small molds. Chill. Serve with cold lamb.

Julienne Vegetable Salad.

CUT raw green peppers, cauliflower, celery, cucumber, carrot, white turnip and endive in long straw-like pieces. Let stand in ice-water until crisp. Drain carefully. Arrange on crisp lettuce. Serve with salad dressing or any desired dressing.

Queer Medical Superstitions

(Continued from Page 22)

Canadian quintuplets, literally tons of stones were carried away from the vicinity of the Dionne farm by sterile people who believed that these stones held the gift of fertility.

"The selling of luck charms in New York and elsewhere, in spite of all efforts to discourage the practice, is notorious. Some bring good prices as the following list shows: 'black cat bone, $10; black cat shin bone, $25; black cat wish-bone, $50; John the Conqueror root, 50c to $1; buck for policy, dice or cards, $5 up; luck for keeping a rooming-house full, $10 to $15; bringing back powers if any leave you, $10; eggs to move your enemies, $5 each; luck for greyhound, $5.' And who knows how many hundreds of dollars are spent in jewelry and antique shops for elephants in precious and semi-precious stones, metals and glass to adorn bracelets, necklaces, boudoirs and living rooms.

"The native African thinks that keeping the bone of a dead relative will prolong life; that the canine tooth of the lion can prevent its owner from contracting malaria; that by saving any teeth lost in battle, by accident or by disease, his remaining ones will be preserved, and that the shrinkage of a glove foretells the death of its owner.

"The lower East Side has its own crop of superstitions. The Jewish child upon the loss of his first temporary or baby tooth must go through a ritual which includes turning around and around and finally throwing the tooth in the oven, all the while chanting:

Meisele, Meisele, hier ist mein zahnele
Giv mir zuruck an eisene behnele.

Which translated literally means: Mouse, Mouse, here is my little tooth
Give me back a bone as strong as iron.

And with that he is assured of strong permanent teeth.

"Some Jewish children will chew furiously while a bit of mending is being done to the clothing which they are wearing because they believe that if they keep chewing, the mender will not be able to sew up their brains. Some of their older sisters think that if you wipe your face while a star is falling during a full moon, freckles will disappear. And there are still a few Jewish mothers who wear a poultice of sliced raw potatoes to relieve a headache which is more probably caused by eyestrain, fatigue, infected sinus or some functional failure—any one of which ailments needs treatment by a competent physician and can certainly not be cured by raw potatoes or brown wrapping paper soaked in vinegar on a cord tied around the head—two other versions of the same headache 'cure.'

"The Syrians, Greeks, Jews, Hungarians, Slavs, Negroes, Swedes, Russians, Irish, Polish, Armenians, Japanese, Germans, Italians, Bohemians, Chinese, French and Scandinavians—all these nationalities which make up the composite City of New York have their traditions, superstitions and religious practices which complicate our 'health problem.' Some, from a medical standpoint, are more serious than others. The young girl, for example, who wipes her face in the moonlight to get rid of her freckles by so doing does not damage her health. But the young man who thinks he can cure disease by buying a charm 'to bring back powers if any leave you' for $10, is a menace not only to himself but to the community in which he lives."

The Petter

(Continued from Page 22)

He sighed a great gust of solace. It was like getting relief after a lifetime of sentry duty.

"Why Lamar's about the only—he is the only real man she's had running around after her," exulted Mr. Kent. "What happened? How did you do it? What made the girl reform?"

"Why, it wasn't precisely a reformation," replied Mary Lou's mother, smiling. "I think it all came from a suggestion I made to her—I told her how I handled men when I was her age."

"Yes?" Mr. Kent smiled with just a faint of irony. "And just how did you handle us?"

"I told her—and you may remember you and I discussed it once"—Mrs. Kent's eyes were twinkling—"that I never kissed a man until I was engaged to him."

Mr. Kent looked at her quizzically, and then he burst into a chuckle. "Did you tell her," he demanded, "that you had seven of us thinking we were engaged to you, all at the same time?"

Mrs. Kent blushed just enough to show it. "Why, that was different, Bob. I really thought I was in love with all of you."

"Yes, you 'really thought,'" bantered Mr Kent jovially. "You didn't 'get' in those days—you merely 'flirted.'"

"But we were Victorians, Bob," murmured Mary Lou's mother. "And we Victorians just had to save our faces!"

The End.

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Order a supply of Soft-Weve Waldorf from your grocer tomorrow. Begin at once to enjoy the extra comfort and security that it brings. And know that you are saving money at the same time. Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.

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Cool, Refreshing Meals With Gelatin

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

"COOLER meals for hotter weather" is one of the most important slogans of summer housekeeping. What the family, tired and fatiguing day in the sweltering city, looks on its arrival home is a refreshing meal. What the housewife herself desires is some kind of a refreshing meal which will permit her to appear cool and charmingly cool as she greets the door. What the home itself longs for is a refreshing meal which will not, at the last moment, heat up the kitchen and disseminate unpleasant odors throughout the rooms to greet the guests as they arrive.

A popular answer to all these requests is gelatin, the food with which to chill in it. For no matter whether used in soup or in any course through to the final dessert gelatin dishes are cool and refreshing. Gelatin itself is the powdered form of the solidifying or jellying principle of meat and bone extractives. As produced commercially it imparts a clear, translucent, shivery quality and solid substance to soups, salads, desserts, creams and even pies.

There are several excellent forms of gelatin, and the clever housewife and hostess avails herself of the benefits and special qualities of each type. Plain or granulated gelatin is familiar as a fine sparkling powder, which is both tasteless and colorless. When added to any mixture, it gives the typical body and sparkling texture so characteristic of gelatin, without in any way spoiling the natural individual taste and aroma of the dish's other ingredients.

You may use granulated gelatin in making chilled summer soups, tomato and other fruit juice aspics, molded vegetable and fruit salads, and use it as a stabilizer in making ice creams and frozen desserts.

A special form of dry sparkling gelatin is the new aspic gelatin which enables one to produce the delicious, meat-flavored jellies, with the least time and trouble. The true (and old-fashioned) aspic of the cook book is made by long boiling down of meat stock and bones, followed by an equally tedious straining and "clearing with white of egg." When finished the aspic is a clear but brownish stock which, on being chilled and set, produces the firm aspic jelly which the chef uses so often in making elaborate molded dishes in which sliced meats, hard eggs and relishes are embedded, usually in elaborate forms.

With the new aspic gelatin, however, it is possible to achieve similar results merely by dissolving the dry or granulated aspic gelatin in hot water, and allowing it to cool, combining with it whatever sliced meats, cut vegetables, etc., are desired. Many apparently very fancy dishes are quickly made with aspic gelatin, and when molded make especially attractive and suitable service for the buffet, the outdoor reception and the wedding breakfast or similar hot weather festive occasion.

Gelatins to which have been added flavor, color and some sweetening are already very familiar to the housewife who uses such gelatins not only in desserts, but in molded salads, luncheon loaves and other entree dishes. The true fruit flavors of these gelatins have much to recommend them; the lemon-flavored gelatin has a wide acceptance because it is an ideal base for molding or combining with other materials.

Many vegetable salad mixtures, consisting of cooked or uncooked vegetables, cut, sliced or grated according to taste, may be added to a plain or lemon-flavored gelatin and then molded in a brick or round mold. Chilled for several hours, unmolded on lettuce or garnished with other greens, the molded gelatin salad or salad-loaf is a perfect dish for summer meals.

Whereas the plain vegetables themselves might appear somewhat conventional, a salad jelly loaf of vegetables embedded in chill refreshing gelatin and accompanied by a bowl of piquant mayonnaise makes a smart, sophisticated dish.

Fruits, too, may be given the glamorous gelatin treatment and served either as salad or dessert. Berries, cut peaches, melon balls and other seasonable fruits may be "set" in a plain or lemon-flavored gelatin and thus, chilled and solid, combine all the refreshment of fruits with the additional refreshment of gelatin. A fruit ring, using ginger ale as the liquid and solidified by clear gelatin, is one popular suggestion.

Small squares of individual molds of fruit jelly are acceptable at any meal. Often, less attractive ripe fruits which would not bear serving alone may be economically used up in a concealing gelatin mixture. Several fruit left-overs, a sliced banana and a few nutmeats, with lo-the budgeteering housewife has a good but inexpensive family dessert.

Many clear gelatin mixtures become what are known as "Bavarians" or "mousse" or "sponge" dishes, when the mix is vigorously beaten or when whipped cream is added. Any plain gelatin mixture, meaning a clear liquid gelatin colored and sweetened, may be doubled in bulk by a vigorous beating with a rotary beater. During the process, air bubbles are beaten into the mix and the clear jelly is changed into a more porous-textured "sponge."

Any cook book reveals dozens of delicious recipes based on this sponge-textured gelatin dish. Fruit jellies lend themselves particularly well to such beating and that is why we will include a Raspberry Sponge in our recipes to be printed in an early issue.

Mention has been made of how gelatin adds to the cooling charm of summer soups, and a word of explanation may be necessary to those who have not thought of cold soups as important. But any hot weather meal will get off to a good start if the first course is a chilled and jellied soup or bouillon. Many varieties of canned soup may be used here, such as clam broth, clam bouillon, beef bouillon or consomme, etc. Tomato, of course, it goes without saying, is one of the tops for this particular use.

To the clear liquid, add the right proportion of gelatin. Set the mixture to chill, either in a bowl or use the freezing trays of the automatic refrigerator. When thoroughly chill, break up mixture with a fork, so that mix is sparkling and well divided. Serve in chilled cups.

Mention was also made of the fact that gelatin is a stabilizer of ice creams and other frozen mixtures. This, too, requires an additional word of explanation. During the freezing process of a mixture containing both milk and sugar, various chemical changes occur. One of these is the tendency of the sugar toward a separation back to its original granular crystals.

As we do not desire crystals of any kind to be present in our ice cream, every effort must be made to prevent them from forming. This gelatin tends strongly to prevent the crystallization of the sugar and also tends to prevent the liquid in the milk or cream from separating from the fat cells.

Hence, gelatin stabilizes because it keeps the mixture as we want it, smooth and velvety, and prevents it from becoming sugary or full of ice crystals, which of course would be most unpleasant.

Another less important but worth noting use of gelatin is as a thickener of gravies, especially when the gravies are to be served cold, as in meat pie, etc. Prepare meat or stew as usual and pour into pie crust. Add small quantity of dissolved plain gelatin, and presto—after the pie is cold, the gravy, too, will be rich-bodied and jelly-like.

Speaking of pies, the newest kind of summer pie is the one known as "chiffon pie." Here we have pastry at its best, and most digestible. The chiffon pie uses gelatin in its makeup, and usually has a crust of crumbs or cracker dust moistened with butter. Instead of the oven, we use the refrigerator in which to "bake" our pies. Many indeed are the pleasing variations of this type of dainty dessert, cool and refreshing for any meal's ending. Made with fruits, chocolate or custard, the gelatin pie filling tops off the hot weather meal to perfection.

A variation of gelatin aspic which will appeal especially to the summer hostess is the aspic appetizer—that smart, crisp and piquant novelty open-face sandwich so popular with hot weather beverages. Practically any sandwich spread may be combined with aspic gelatin to make these attractive tidbits.

Use plain or toasted bread cut into triangles, squares or fancy shapes, with cutters. Spread thickly with spread of cheese, minced egg, deviled ham, etc. Then spread with aspic gelatin as it is slightly thickened, and set to chill at once. Garnish with sliced olive rings, pimiento or caviar.

Another way to make these it to prepare a high-seasoned aspic and let it chill and harden in a thin layer on a sheet pan. Have small pieces of bread prepared and spread with seasoned sharp sandwich pastes. Lay on a round or slice or bit of spiced aspic, garnish and serve at once, very chill.

Novelty aspic jelly and mashed fish pastes are another combination worth trying, as are also tomato aspic jelly with mashed egg, cheese, etc. Another fine idea is to use the liquids which are left in pickle and relish jars for novelty garnishes for cold meat platters, by simply adding gelatin and chilling.

The clever hostess may like to prepare a large tray of these novelty appetizers to serve late in the afternoon with her cool beverages and other hospitality offerings.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Orange Juice, Cereal, Toast, Marmalade, Milk or Coffee.	Cantaloupe, Cereal, Toasted Left-Over Biscuit, Marmalade, Coffee.	Bananas with Orange Juice, Whole Grain Cereal, Poached Eggs, Melba Toast, Coffee	Stewed Plums, Cereal, Toasted Raisin Bread, Butter, Coffee.	Fresh Ripe or Canned Cherries, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Reheated Ice-Box Rolls, Milk or Coffee	Blueberries, Cereal, Broiled Bacon, Tomato Muffins, Coffee.	Sliced Early Peaches, Cereal, Toast, Unsalted Butter, Jam, Coffee.
Luncheon Puffy Omelet with Canned Crabflakes, Sour Cream, Biscuits, Tomato and Cucumber Salad, Dessert (Left-Overs), Iced Fruit Punch.	*Luncheon* Baked Lima Beans, Corn Sticks, Tea-Room Fruit Salad with Honey Dressing, Butterscotch Cookies, Iced Tea.	*Luncheon* Baked Stuffed Squash, Buttered Okra, Baby Beets, Asparagus Salad, Fruit Cup, Cookies, Iced Tea.	*Luncheon* Stuffed Eggs, Potato Salad, Quartered Tomatoes, Ice-Box Rolls, Pineapple Frappe.	*Luncheon* Vegetable Timbales with Bread Sauce, Spiced Carrot Salad, Relish Coffee Cake, Iced Tea.	*Luncheon* Okra Soup, Corn Custard, Julienne Vegetable Salad, Swedish Bread, Fruit Cup, Cookies.	*Dinner* Orange and Raspberry Juice, Fried Chicken, Whipped Potatoes, Green Corn, Endive Salad, Chives Dressing, Vanilla Ice Cream with Shredded Fresh Pineapple.
Dinner Sauerkraut Juice, Smothered Round Steak, Brown Gravy, Buttered Beet Greens with or without Caraway Seed, String-Bean and Salsify Casserole, Blackberry Roll.	*Dinner* Small Tomato Appetizers, Fried Tripe, Creamed Potatoes, Green Peas, Green Apple Pie with Spiced Pastry Crust.	*Dinner* Blackberry Juice, Tuna Fish in Noodle Ring, Steamed Corn, Green Beans, Macedoine Green Salad, Chocolate Cup Cakes with Fudge Sauce.	*Dinner* Emergency Canapes (Left-Overs), "Yankee Chop-Suey" with Macaroni, Spiced Apples, Chinese Cabbage Salad, Frozen Bread Pudding with Delicious Sauce.	*Dinner* Steamed Trout, Savory Hollandaise or Philadelphia Relish, Vegetable Fritters, Cucumber Salad, French Dressing, Caramel Parfait in Cantaloupe.	*Dinner* (Company) Strawberries with Powdered Sugar and Frosted Mint Leaves, Broiled Sweetbreads, Mushrooms Baked in Cream, Asparagus and Lima Bean Salad, Favorite Tapioca Cream, Coffee- Substitute.	*Supper* Deviled Eggs, Jellied Fruit Ring, Sour Cream Dressing, Cheese Straws, Oatmeal Cookies, Blackberry Shrub or Iced Cocoa.

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3635—A BUTTON-FRONT FROCK OF SHANTUNG OR TUB COTTON WILL WIN ADMIRING GLANCES FOR YOU ALL SUMMER LONG. Designed for misses' sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 4 yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3672—LOOK YOUR FEMININE LOVELIEST IN A CAPE-TOPPED FROCK THAT WILL MAKE YOU APPEAR RADIANTLY SLENDER. Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch fabric and 2¼ yards ruffling.

Pattern 3674—DON THIS SLEEVELESS SPORTSTER WHEN YOU GO IN FOR ACTIVE SPORTS, OR JUST WANT TO LOOK COOL, GRAND IN TUB COTTON. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch fabric and ⅝ yard contrasting tie.

Pattern 3675—WITH DOILIES AS EASY TO CROCHET AS THESE YOU CAN HAVE A COMPLETE SET, INCLUDING FOUR PRACTICAL SIZES. Pattern 3675 contains detailed directions for making the three doilies shown (7, 12 and 18 inches) and a fourth 22-inch one; material requirements; illustrations of the doilies and of all stitches used.

Pattern 3671—POLKA DOTS ADD NO END OF DASH TO THIS DEMURE RUN-ABOUT FROCK. ONE ALSO SMART IN A MONOTONE PASTEL OR PRINT. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3673—A SHIRTWAISTER WITH THE SIMPLICITY OF THIS CAN BE WORN WITH EITHER DRESSY OR SPORTY ACCESSORIES. A BUDGET TREAT! Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch fabric.

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